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New Statesman

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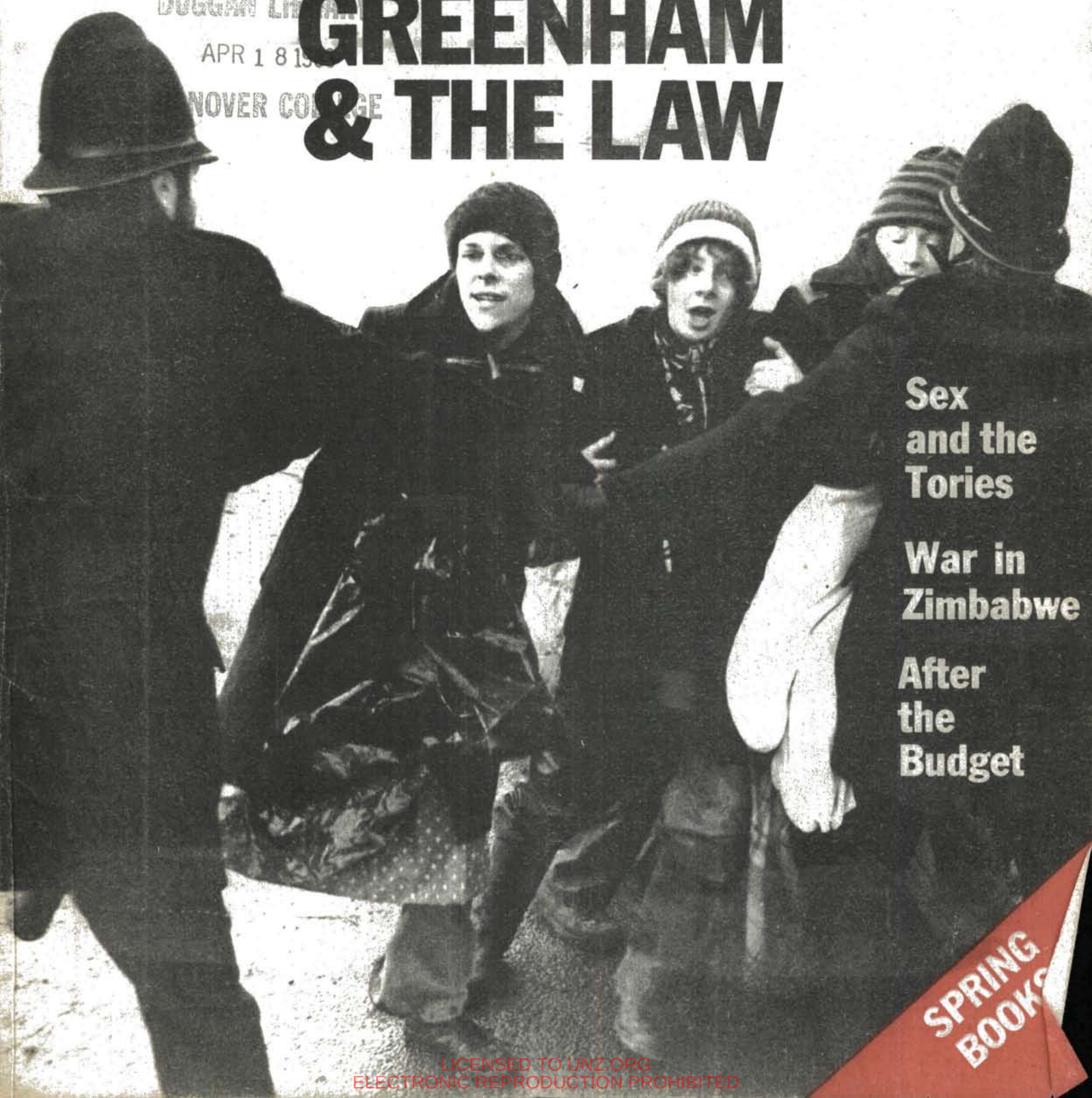

Sex and the Tories

War in Zimbabwe

After the Budget

SPRING BOOKS

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New Statesman

New Statesman
14-16 Farringdon Lane
London EC1R 3AU
Tel: 01-253 2001
Editorial: 01-253 2003
Telex: 28449
Cables: Newstat, London EC1
©1983 Statesman & Nation Publishing Company Ltd and contributors
Published and distributed by The Statesman & Nation Publishing Company Ltd

Subscriptions: Lesley Bridgmount, Cecilia Papadopoulos
Circulation: Liz Cooper, Tim Freeman
Display advertisements: Michael Roberts 01-253 2001
Classified advertisements: Laura Berryman, Stephen Mitchell 01-251 5487

Subscription Rates
Surface mail:
UK £29, Overseas £32
Air mail:
Europe £36, Middle East £39, Africa, India, South America £40, Australasia, Far East £45, USA $79, Canada $92

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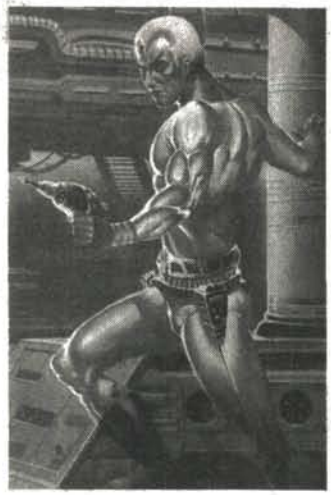

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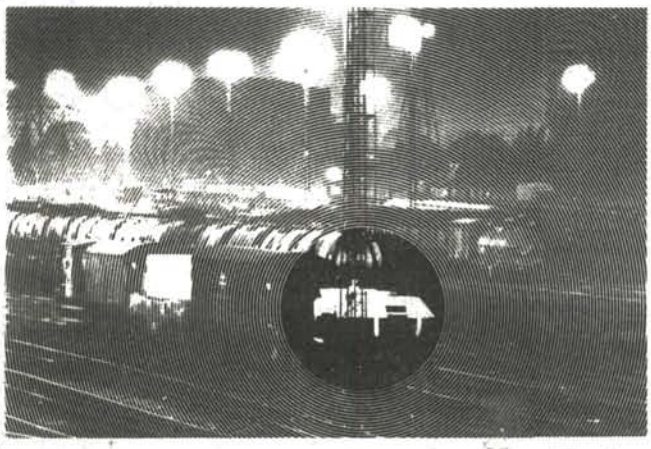
DANGER~RADIOACTIVITY



Flasks like this carry nuclear power station radioactivity from Sizewell and Bradwell through Hackney's backyards every week on British Rail trains.

Radioactivity from nuclear power stations can cause cancer.

The steel flasks in which the radioactivity is carried have never been tested or shown to be safe.

Nuclear power station radioactivity will outlive you and your children. It won't go away.

If ever an accident occurred, Hackney could become a radioactive desert for hundreds of years.

The Central Electricity Generating Board (CEGB) and British Rail (BR) won't tell Hackney what would happen in an emergency.

If there was an accident, would there be an evacuation?

For years, Hackney Council's health officers have found that getting information from the CEBG and BR is like getting blood from a stone.

At the moment, the CEGB decides what would happen in a emergency. Should the decision be theirs? Or, should it be ours?

Can we trust them?

Come to Hackney Council's public meeting and hear Peter Wilkinson of Greenpeace, Jimmy Fitzpatrick the Fire Brigade's union, Keith Lichman, and others, and see the London Programme film, 'Nuclear Train'.

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NUCLEAR WASTE AWARENESS WEEK

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Fifty years after Hitler's accession to power, the Weimar Republic has become a modern legend: a colourful, perverse brothel, where lost souls danced to imitation Weill or Eisler tunes. This legend is no more truthful than most. **KUHLE WAMPE** (PG), made only months before Hitler came to power (and immediately banned it), shows things as they really were, by following the adventures of one homeless family.
Made at a time when unemployment in Germany was rising from 5 to 6 millions, the film was Bertolt Brecht's last, desperate call for solidarity, before the roof fell in. Directed by Brecht's brilliant young collaborator, Slatan Dudow, and with the stirring, unsettling music of Hanns Eisler, it is far more than an interesting museum-piece. As The Times said, *Now, finally, this extraordinary work is accessible to the general public... It is a triumph of committed cinema.* And The Observer called it *A marvellous film, to which music makes a unique contribution.*

Showing with
JEAN-LUC GODARD'S "IT'S MY LIFE" (18)

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New Statesman Vol 105 No 2713 18 March 1983

Still crazy after all these years

SIR GEOFFREY HOWE misread the first sentence of his budget speech on Tuesday – which was the start of a rather lame joke about a Gladstone budget speech. (He said 1953 instead of 1853.) 'Perhaps', the Deputy Speaker said helpfully, 'the Chancellor would like to start again'. So he started again and ploughed in his remorseless monotone through what must be his last full budget speech before the election. It was a speech which demonstrated that he has learned nothing and forgotten nothing about economics since he became Chancellor four years ago.

He has learned something, though, about news management. There can never have been a budget so carefully and selectively leaked in advance. Last weekend and since, the newspapers have been full of budget details of what turned out to be an unusually well-informed kind. Such leaks do not come at budget time from Treasury or Inland Revenue officials. They come directly or indirectly from ministers.

On this occasion the leaks were not only unusually well-informed. They also had a consistent bias. Almost without exception, they were pitched so that what the Chancellor actually announced in his speech was a slightly pleasant surprise. Thus we had all been prepared for personal tax allowances to rise by at least the amount of inflation, but they were raised by more. We had all been prepared for the economically scandalous increase in the upper limit for tax relief on mortgages from £25,000. With uncanny unanimity the pre-budget pundits said it would go to £35,000. So when the Chancellor eventually announced the figure of £30,000, he was almost able to present the move as some kind of reasonable compromise, instead of a quite unjustified extra gift from the taxpayer to actual or potential Tory voters.

The real coup, though, was over the employers' national insurance surcharge. By some curious chance, in all the welter of inspired pre-budget speculation there was not the slightest hint that the Chancellor intended to reduce this direct tax on jobs. So, when he did so by half a percentage point, the automatic reaction was again pleasant surprise. It covered the fact that taken as a whole the budget will contribute nothing to increased output or reduced unemployment – rather the reverse. The overall tax and spending changes are mildly deflationary and if the government intends to stick to the monetary guidelines set out by the Chancellor for the next year, even credit conditions will do little to encourage recovery. Worst of all, within the flat overall net figures the decreases are in productive government spending and in investment for the future. The increases will come in consumer spending – deliberately released in an election year by personal tax reductions – and from the effects of the massive de facto devaluation of the pound since last autumn – despite everything that the government tried to do to prevent it. There is cruel irony in the fact that the end result after four years of Thatcheromics should be the devaluation of the pound to $1.50 – lower than the low point of Labour's crisis over the IMF in 1976 – and the economy being propped up by consumer spending.

In any terms, the Howe years at the Treasury have been an economic and industrial catastrophe for this country. Yet his capacity to bore his way through political and economic debate remains quite undiminished. Again on Tuesday he droned through a series of unjustified economic assertions and non sequiturs. Above all, he managed to convey the impression that national and international economies are somehow subject to autonomous forces – imperfectly predictable and effectively beyond the influence of direct government action.

This absurd and passive view of the world was encapsulated in his assertion that 'the deepest economic recession the world has seen since the war' was triggered off by the 1979-80 oil price increase. The reality is that it was triggered by the decision of most governments in the major industrial countries to adopt highly restrictive economic policies at the same time. The choice to give priority to reducing inflation at almost any cost was a deliberate choice in the United States, in this country and elsewhere. The outcome was predictable and predicted, not some act of god.

THERE IS ONLY one apparent exception in Howe's world to this general view that governments are powerless to influence macro-economics. That exception is inflation. 'Lower inflation', the Chancellor asserted on Tuesday, 'is good in itself'. He went on to try to argue that lower inflation would lead directly to higher consumer and corporate spending – a view, incidentally, for which there is little or no empirical evidence. But the fact is that, in its increasingly open and shameless defence of class interests, holding down inflation *has* become a 'good in itself' for this government. The only pledge about economic policy in the next Parliament contained in the whole of the budget speech was a pledge to achieve an even lower average level of inflation than in the present one.

Only a government whose sole concern was to protect the interests of a single group in society could claim that reduction of inflation was the overriding consideration of its economic policy. There is no evidence of any kind for the assertion that, once lower levels of inflation have been established, spontaneous and sustainable economic recovery then occurs. Common sense and all experience say that economic recovery comes when economic demand increases and not before.

For four years this Chancellor has mouthed economic mumbo-jumbo about incentives and enterprise. The high point of his first budget was the slashing of marginal rates of tax on the rich on the patently ludicrous grounds that this would produce a sudden revitalisation of enterprise and the economy. The high point of his second budget was the introduction of industrial 'enterprise zones' with the same claim. This budget solemnly proposes tax-free 'free ports' as a contribution to British economic performance. By now Sir Geoffrey Howe must be one of the last people left who still think that tinkering around on what used fashionably to be called the 'supply' side of the economy has any relevance to our main problems whatsoever. □

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Missing facts in Ian MacGregor's history

IN HER CAMPAIGN to prove that Ian MacGregor is the right person to run the National Coal Board, Mrs Thatcher has made much of his 'excellent record in the coal industry' in America. Her colleagues and officials have dutifully echoed this praise. However, although MacGregor's record at the US Amax corporation is undeniably impressive, the official propaganda has some notable omissions. The missing half of the story does not fit Thatcher's purposes so neatly.

The government has, for example, been highly selective in its use of statistics. On 3 March this year, Mrs Thatcher told the Commons that between 1971 and 1976 MacGregor had expanded Amax's coal production by 75 per cent. Since Amax had no coal mines at all when MacGregor took control in 1967, and only acquired its first coal mine in 1969, this is not quite as impressive as it sounded.

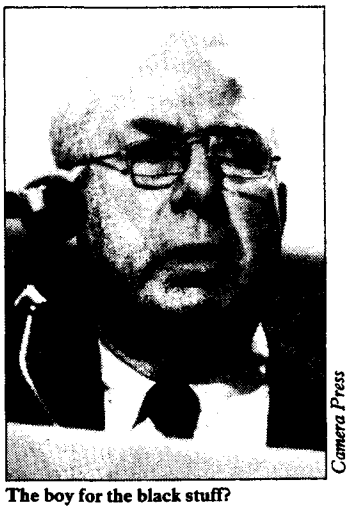
On 4 March, in the middle of its parliamentary report on Thatcher's panegyric, the *Daily Telegraph* referred to 'further details of MacGregor's record . . . released last night'. These showed that the company's profits rose from $60 million in 1967 to $160 million in 1978, the period when MacGregor was purportedly in charge of Amax. In fact, however, MacGregor retired as boss of Amax in 1977, and profits that year were only $69 million.

The massaging of statistics by Whitehall is standard procedure; and it is only fair to point out that MacGregor did indeed set Amax on the road to becoming the third-largest coal producer in the US, and that the 1977 profit figure was one of the lowest MacGregor achieved. But the government has been more seriously misleading in implying so pointedly that MacGregor's success at Amax rested primarily on coal. In fact, Amax's fortunes, and those of MacGregor, were made by the rare mineral molybdenum.

Amax was the product of a merger between the American Metal company and the Climax Molybdenum company shortly after MacGregor arrived as a senior vice-president in 1957. The most important act of MacGregor's career was to predict, ahead of almost everyone else, that molybdenum would become vital in the manufacture of high-quality steel, particularly in the strategic areas of space and defence.

MacGregor thereupon applied basic economic principles to corner as much molybdenum as he could. Thanks to him, Amax now owns the world's two largest molybdenum mines, and has at times controlled a staggering 50 per cent of the world's supplies – a market share that only a few other companies, such as de Beers in diamonds, have achieved in their field. When the molybdenum price soared in the 1970s, Amax was ideally placed to profit.

It was the assured income from molybdenum that provided MacGregor with the base to expand Amax into new fields, particularly coal-mining. It was a bold move at a time when coal was not a fashionable energy source, and it has brought Amax due rewards. However, Amax's coal profits have never reached the same heights as molybdenum. A US minerals analyst describes them as 'average and not spectacular – in coal, Amax was just one of the boys'.



Camera Press

The boy for the black stuff?

Behind the government's praise for MacGregor, of course, lies the implication that he is perfectly qualified to take charge of Britain's coal. But there are marked contrasts between Amax's coal operations and those of the NCB which have not been spelled out. Amax owns ten coal mines in the US. But of these, nine are opencast, and vastly different from the underground operations of the NCB, as one authoritative source confirms. 'The UK', says Donald Donahue, a former president of Amax, 'is an entirely different ballgame'.

More important still, Amax's mines are also highly-automated – a natural consequence of MacGregor's belief that it is in labour costs that the greatest savings may be found, which in turn contributed enormously to Amax's profits. At British Steel, MacGregor has been fond of describing a Japanese steel-plant so automated that 'you could fire a bullet through it without the risk of hitting anyone'. While that provides an apt picture of Amax's coal-mines too, it hardly applies in Britain.

MacGregor stepped down as the head of Amax in 1977 on reaching the fixed retiring age of 65. Since then, controversy has broken out over his record in several areas which have not been publicised by the government:

● *The succession.* Against several other strong contenders, MacGregor plumped for the head of Amax's molybdenum division, Pierre Gousseland, to succeed him as Amax's boss. It was a surprising choice, for Gousseland was a low-key executive who lacked MacGregor's charismatic power to motivate those around him. Under Gousseland, Amax's fortunes have shown a sharp decline with losses last year of almost $400 million. MacGregor has turned against his protegé, calling him 'a victim of bad advice and misjudgment'.

● *Amax's debts.* Gousseland's supporters attribute a large part of Amax's present plight to MacGregor himself. While conducting the expansion Thatcher praised, MacGregor incurred liabilities of almost $1.3 billion. These have since risen to $2.7 billion. At the same time the molybdenum price, vital to Amax's overall prosperity, has tumbled. The MacGregor and Gousseland camps now blame each other for not foreseeing that the boom times would end.

● *The Standard Oil episode.* In 1981, the Standard Oil company of California offered $4 billion for Amax, the largest take-over bid in US history. The bid was worth $78.50 a share. Amax turned the offer down – and then saw its shares tumble to $20 (they are now back to $24). Recriminations filled the air long afterwards.

MacGregor was still a prominent board-member at the time of the bid, and although he was in favour of a merger with Standard Oil, is believed to have joined the rest of the board in rejecting the bid in the hope that it could be improved. But Standard Oil pulled out soon afterwards. Amax's rejection has been termed the most costly mistake in US corporate history – and MacGregor himself has said that he was 'remiss' in not pushing through a merger with Standard Oil while he was still in charge at Amax.

At British Steel, MacGregor acquired a reputation of invincibility, with the steel union ISTC coming to see him as virtually unstoppable. At coal, Arthur Scargill may have left himself vulnerable through a succession of tactical errors, but he might console himself with the thought that even MacGregor, despite Thatcher's adulation, is not infallible.

Peter Gillman

Could Penlee happen again?

AS THE inquiry into the Penlee lifeboat disaster opened in Penzance this week, local people told the *NS* that a similar tragedy could occur again soon because of the running down of the local coastguard service.

The decline in the service began in earnest in 1979 when John Nott, MP for St Ives, became trade minister and embarked enthusiastically on a money-saving 'rationalisation' of the Cornish coastguards. At the time, there was a series of visual watches, spaced out at intervals along the coast. Some of the watches were simple stations, others had sophisticated electronic equipment.

Under Nott's plan, they were virtually all to go. The individual watches were to be replaced by a Control Centre in Falmouth, while the remaining coastguards would tour the coast in Land Rovers from time to time. Most of the local coastguards were outraged; some even resigned. Captain Eric Kemp, a Trinity House Pilot and secretary of the St Ives lifeboat, put it bluntly: 'If we cut the coastguards, people will drown.' He called Nott's decision 'economy run mad'.

The last properly staffed watch left is that in St Ives, and local people have offered to raise money to fund it, rather than see it disappear. In the week before the Penlee disaster, the St Ives coastguard saw a ship heading, in very bad weather, straight for the Stones Reef. Radio contact failed, and eventually, on his own initiative, the coastguard went straight to the lifeboat instead of going through the Falmouth Centre. The lifeboat was launched, and the ship was persuaded to heave to.

'The last boat to hit the Stones,' says Kemp, 'was washed on with one wave, washed off with the next and the whole crew drowned. Had this ship not been seen there would have been a similar tragedy. Her master did not answer the radio as his English was so poor.'

On 5 January 1981 a fishing boat was swamped off Padstow. The crew were rescued only because someone saw what had happened by chance, since there is no longer a watch.

In July 1981 a holidaymaker was swept off a rock on Bryher in the Scilly Isles. In the old days the coastguard would have called the St Mary's lifeboat, which would have been there within 15 minutes. Instead, they had to contact Falmouth – 50 miles away on the mainland. Falmouth decided to send a rescue helicopter from RNAS Culdrose, the whole episode took nearly an hour and the

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man drowned.

Daphne Lawry, of the local fishing cooperative, says that she wrote to the Department of Trade just a month before the Penlee disaster, begging for watches to be restored; again it was to no avail. Captain Kemp does not blame the coastguard for what happened at Penlee, but he feels that the run-down of the visual watches and the centralisation of the service in Falmouth both played their part. On the night of the disaster Falmouth coastguards were giving wind-speeds substantially below what they really were in the area.

Kemp and other pilots point out that on the night of the Penlee disaster another ship also went down, possibly the Greek boat *The Mark*. Three 'blips' showed up on local radar sets and the information was passed on to Falmouth; but only two of the blips – the Penlee lifeboat and the *Union Star* – were taken note of by Falmouth.

Mike Townesend, chairman of the Cornish Fish Producers' Association, is calling for the immediate restoration of the visual watches and for more power for local stations. Last April, when auxiliary coastguards in St Ives saw a yacht in trouble, they alerted the Culdrose airbase on their own initiative. The crew were rescued, but the coastguards were severely criticised by the Falmouth Centre.

Judith Cook

Another tough customer for British reactors

ENGINEERS from the British National Nuclear Corporation (NNC), who last year were hoping to sell a Magnox nuclear reactor to Chile, are this week visiting Turkey to lobby key officials in the military regime. Meanwhile, following revelations of a proposed reactor deal with Chile in the *New Statesman*, a Chilean government representative has announced that all new proposals for reactor purchases have been suspended until 1985. 'The government', it has been reported by Santiago news agencies, 'have no plans to purchase a nuclear reactor from Britain'.

The same reports confirm that the President of the Chilean Nuclear Energy Commission recently inspected the Magnox nuclear power station at Oldbury on Severn, which was the 'reference design' for a proposal submitted to the Chilean government by the NNC last autumn. A technical brochure describing the offer, which was specially translated into Spanish for the Chileans, has been obtained by the *New Statesman*. Another version of the brochure has now been prepared, in Turkish.

The sales force visiting Turkey this week includes Mr Roger Vaughan, who also visited Chile, and the station manager of the Oldbury nuclear power station, who works for the CEGB. Unlike Chile, Turkey has signed the nuclear non-proliferation treaty. But the human rights record of the military government of General Kenan Evren is as unattractive as that of Pinochet.

Following the report on Chile, the *New Statesman* received a letter from the managing director of the NNC, Dr Ned Franklin, in which he suggests that claims that the British government pressed NNC to offer a reactor to Chile are 'far from the truth' (see letters, p.18).

This claim is contradicted by a statement made in Chile by Colonel Juan Mir Dupouy, who confirmed that the visit he made with Commission President Brady to NNC and to the Oldbury reactor site in late September was at the 'invitation' of junior trade minister Peter Rees. We have also confirmed with unofficial sources that another government official, Energy Department Parliamentary Under-Secretary John Moore MP, has been strongly urging NNC to pursue Magnox reactor deals with Chile, Turkey and Algeria over the last 6 months.

Dr Franklin also claims in his letter that the NNC attaches 'great importance to avoiding nuclear weapons proliferation'. Unofficial sources, who accept this general view, point out however that NNC pursued the proposed deal with Chile in the full knowledge that Chile had not signed and did not propose to sign the Nuclear Non-Proliferation Treaty, under which safeguards are normally imposed.

The *New Statesman* asked Dr Franklin to comment on his 'welcome' to Chile as a customer, despite repression of dissent, torture and continued political arrests and imprisonment. He replied:

> We should wish to be satisfied that the present government was tolerable to the people and the recent history of a country is relevant to this issue. On the other hand, democracy is not the norm in human affairs, and we cannot restrict ourselves on moral grounds from dealing with non-democratic governments if they are judged to be stable and acceptable to their people.

This, he suggested, conditioned NNC's attitude in such countries, where stability was important for the 'financial outcome of our contract' and the safety of staff and families. 'Excessive oppression' according to Dr Franklin, 'does not produce stability over long periods'. He did not offer a view on what level of oppression the directors of the NNC held to be 'stable and acceptable.'

Duncan Campbell

MISCELLANY

Not very energetic

The old-fashioned notion of 'a sense of fair play' is not much in evidence at the Sizewell inquiry, as the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament has learned to its cost. Officials from the Department of Energy presented their evidence to the inquiry this week, and CND was keen to cross-examine them. Before the cross-examination CND had to tell the inquiry's secretariat of any documents to which it would be referring in its questions. CND duly handed in a list of 10 documents, in plenty of time, only to be informed by Mr Jerry Crowe (the 'documents officer' at the secretariat) that he could get hold of just three of them, all of which were recent *Hansard* references. The remaining seven documents, which were apparently too obscure for Mr Crowe to find, consisted of a *Times* article from April 1982 and six Command Papers published by Her Majesty's Stationery Office. If CND wished to proceed with its cross-examination, it would have to provide copies of these seven documents at its own expense. Coincidently, the secretariat's paymaster is the selfsame Department of Energy that CND was so eager to interrogate.

Don't be vague . . .

Much rumbling and grumbling can be heard at Conservative Central Office on the subject of William Hague, the disagreeable *wunderkind* who, while still a 16-year-old schoolboy, made a speech at the 1977 Tory conference extolling the virtues of Mrs Thatcher. Hague is a big boy now: he has graduated from Oxford and has, incredibly, been appointed a 'special adviser' at the Treasury, on the insistence of Sir Geoffrey Howe. A number of Tories feel that, by appointing someone so inexperienced, Howe is bringing the entire system of 'advisers' into disrepute. As one observer put it: 'Why don't they go the whole hog and give the job to someone from *Minipops*?'

Road hog

Sir Peter Parker appeared before the House of Commons transport committee last week to give evidence on the Serpell Report. Peter Fry MP, the Tory vice-chairman of the committee, asked Parker if he knew 'a person called Will Camp'. (Will Camp is British Rail's PR adviser.) Fry then linked Camp's name with 'a general feeling in public relations that it is considered that BR has a dirty tricks brigade'. Fry went on to accuse Camp of masterminding a campaign of selective leaking, designed to present Serpell as 'a ridiculous report'. Our transport mole (codenamed 'Deep Sleeper') points out that Fry is not a disinterested party in all this. He works for (and owns shares in) a public relations firm called Political Research and Communications International Ltd, which numbers among its clients the National Bus Company (one of the interests which Fry declares in debates). Fry is also joint chairman of an obscure body called the All Party Roads Study Group, which is serviced by that bastion of the road lobby, the British Road Federation. In short, pots in glass houses shouldn't throw stones at black kettles.

In and out

Forget Ken and Deirdre: the goings-on at the Communist Party of Great Britain are much more gripping. The CP's industrial organiser, veteran hard-liner Mick Costello, resigned recently for 'personal reasons'. The rather dreary editor of the *Morning Star*, Tony Chater, then decided to hire Costello as the paper's industrial correspondent. The CP's political committee instructed Chater not to do so, lest the move be politically misinterpreted. Chater appointed Costello all the same. Last weekend the party's executive committee censured Chater for his disobedience, while at the same time giving a pat on the back to Martin Jacques, editor of the fashionable mag *Marxism Today*. In the eyes of Costello, Chater and other hard-liners, Jacques represents everything they disapprove of in the modern CP. The hard-liners have also suffered another setback: Costello's old job as industrial organiser has been given to Pete Carter – a sexy, pro-ecology, pro-feminist building worker who is now a full-timer for UCATT. Moreover, unlike Costello, Carter is a working-class lad. Further developments are awaited with interest.

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Catching the minibus

ANTHONY SHEPHARD, the man who wants to flood London's streets with minibuses, initially opposed their introduction in Hong Kong, when he was Commissioner of Transport.

Shephard supervised the legalising of minibuses in Hong Kong and has since been a World Bank consultant on the introduction of minibuses in Kuala Lumpur and Kingston, Jamaica. In his evidence to the public inquiry currently being held into the proposal to run minibuses in London, Shephard makes great play of his experience in the introduction of minibus systems abroad.

However, in her book *Crusade for Justice,* Mrs Elsie Elliott, an urban councillor in Hong Kong, says that the 'Commissioner of Transport' told her: 'Legalise those things? Never.' Mrs Elliott confirmed to the *New Statesman* that the man who made this remark was Anthony Shephard.

She adds in her book: 'Three months later, after a trip to Japan, the same Commissioner (Shephard) announced that he had decided to legalise the minibuses, not for a limited period, but as a permanent form of transport. It soon became clear that the minibuses would have to be of a standard size, supplied by one Japanese firm.'

Shephard told the *New Statesman* that he thought Nissan gained the monopoly 'because they had set up the production line.' When asked by the *NS* for his comments on Mrs Elliott's account of how he changed his mind on minibuses, Mr Shephard said: 'I don't wish to comment on that . . . That particular phase is over.'

All of Hong Kong's minibuses are 14-seat vehicles made by Nissan. The minibuses are supplied by Nissan's local distributors Honest Motors. The reason that Nissan makes the minibuses lies in the specification for the vehicles, laid down by the government when minibuses were legalised in 1969. It states the vehicle must have an unladen weight of 2 tons, a gross weight of 3 tons and a maximum length of 18 feet. The Nissan is virtually the only vehicle which can fit 14 seats into this specification.

However, in January this year the government changed the specification. Unofficially, government sources say this is an attempt to break Nissan's monopoly. The new rules will allow a larger vehicle and a longer wheel base, which will be more stable. The present minibuses tend to turn over in accidents. Other makes of vehicles will also be less susceptible to corrosion.

Kuala Lumpur got its minibuses in 1975. Shephard was the World Bank adviser on the setting up of the system. For the first year the only minibus to get government approval was the 14-seat Nissan minibus. However, in 1976 a number of other minibuses gained approval. They were longer and could carry more passengers. Their owners therefore found them more profitable, and since they had the choice most owners have bought Mercedes Benz vehicles.

The minibuses that Shephard and his company, Associated Minibuses Operators (AMOS), plan to use in London are slightly larger than the Hong Kong vehicles. They will seat 16, and be made by Ford.

Mick Hamer

Last supper for hotel staff

WHEN IS a strike not a strike? Trust House Forte's £85-a-night Grosvenor House Hotel in Park Lane, London, is trying to answer that question as, under five large placards declaring 'There is no strike at this hotel', members of the General Municipal Boilermakers Union are organising an official strike and 24-hour picket.

The notices have been placed on the hotel walls by the Grosvenor House management. Their argument is that the 40 strikers, who are members of the banqueting staff, are casual workers who cannot take strike action.

The workers' 'casual' status is the subject of some dispute; they work a minimum of 40 weeks per year for the hotel, 40 to 80 hours per week, and the GMBU claims that some of them have been working for the hotel for over twenty years. Their tax and NHI are deducted at source, in the same way as for 'full-time' staff, and they have paid holidays.

The trouble started when they joined the union last year and asked the THF management for contracts of employment. This was refused.

The General Municipal, in an attempt to prove that the staff were full-time, started to monitor their working conditions. More people joined the GMBU and as a result of this, the union alleges, a 'hit list' of active union members was drawn up.

The THF management entertained all the hotel staff at a social evening on 27 February. The next day, dismissal notices, which had been posted on 26 February, started to arrive. Twenty-four union members, including five shop stewards, were told that their services were no longer required. The remaining two shop stewards, and 14 other staff members, have since joined the picket lines.

The Grosvenor House press office has not been available for comment about the fateful social evening, which is now referred to by THF staff as 'The Last Supper'.

Steve Elsworth

Where are the tax-cuts?

FOR THE FIRST time since the Conservatives came to power, most people in work will experience a true gain from this year's budget: that is, the Government will take a smaller share of their gross pay in direct and indirect taxes than during the year before. But only for the very richest has Sir Geoffrey Howe redeemed the Tories' 1979 manifesto pledge to cut taxes below the levels bequeathed by Labour.

The table gives illustrative figures, assuming a married man's personal tax allowance in each case and typical spending patterns. For a low-paid worker, the total Government 'take' will fall from 35.7 per cent to 34.7 per cent in the coming tax year. But this compares with 30.1 per cent during Labour's last year in office. In effect the Tories in their last year in the present Parliament will be taking £5 a week more in taxes and duties than they would have done had they continued to tax at Labour's 1978/79 rates. By the same token, the worker on average pay will lose £6 a week more than under Labour's final tax rates.

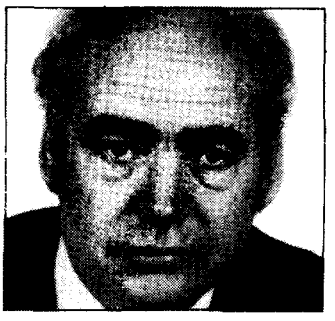
By contrast, the business executive on four times average earnings will be £7 a week *better* off than under Labour. His deductions next year will total 49.6 per cent of his gross income – 1.2 points less than under Labour.

The reason why workers who earn up to twice the average pay have experienced no net gain after four years of Conservative rule, despite a cut of three per cent in the basic rate of income tax, is twofold: first, Howe has never reversed the large jump in VAT – from 8 to 15 per cent – in his first budget; second, national insurance rates have been creeping up year by year. When Labour left office, the employee's rate was 6.5 per cent. In the coming year it will be 9 per cent. And unlike income tax, national insurance is a 'tax' on *all* earned income (up to £235 a year): there is no equivalent of the personal income tax allowance.

Peter Kellner

	Gross weekly pay	Deductions: Income Tax	Nat Insurance	VAT	Duties (drink, tobacco-petrol)	Total deductions	Deductions as % of gross pay
Two-thirds average industrial earnings							
	£	£	£	£	£	£	
1978/79	57	8.15	3.70	1.80	3.50	17.15	30.1%
1979/80	67	8.90	4.30	3.50	3.70	20.40	30.5%
1980/81	80	11.60	5.40	4.20	4.20	25.40	31.7%
1981/82	90	14.60	6.97	4.60	5.40	31.57	35.1%
1982/83	100	15.90	8.75	5.05	6.00	35.70	35.7%
1983/84	105	15.37	9.45	5.35	6.30	36.47	34.7%
Average industrial earnings							
1978/79	85	17.15	5.52	2.80	6.00	31.47	37.0%
1979/80	100	18.80	6.50	5.50	6.40	37.20	37.2%
1980/81	120	23.60	8.10	6.60	7.30	45.60	38.0%
1981/82	135	28.10	10.46	7.20	9.50	55.26	40.9%
1982/83	148	30.30	13.00	7.92	10.40	61.62	41.6%
1983/84	156	30.67	14.04	8.30	10.90	63.91	41.0%
4 × average earnings							
1978/79	340	134.07	7.80	10.70	20.00	172.57	50.8%
1979/80	400	136.63	8.77	22.91	20.60	188.91	47.2%
1980/81	480	169.44	11.14	26.95	23.10	230.63	48.0%
1981/82	540	202.44	15.50	29.00	30.00	276.94	51.3%
1982/83	594	219.01	19.30	31.90	33.00	303.21	51.0%
1983/84	624	220.27	21.15	33.50	34.50	309.42	49.6%

Knapp wins NUR poll



JIM KNAPP will be the next general secretary of the National Union of Railwaymen. Voting closed this week and, although the result will not be formally announced for a couple of weeks, sources expect Knapp to take 56 per cent of first preference votes, thus obviating the need for a second round of ballots.

Knapp has been promised 86,439 first preference votes, out of a total voting strength of 154,000.

Knapp had a clear majority of the nominations over the three other candidates in the election. And although he failed to gain the votes of two branches which nominated him (a loss of 615 votes) he won first preference votes from 23 branches that had not nominated him (a gain of 13,000 votes); some of these branches had nominated his chief rival, Charlie Turnock. Knapp has won the votes of 21 out of the 22 largest branches.

Knapp will succeed Sid Weighell as general secretary. Weighell backed Turnock in the election campaign.

Mick Hamer

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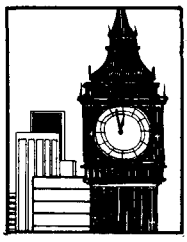

PETER KELLNER, Political Editor

If only Sir Geoffrey Howe had told the truth . . .

"Mr Deputy Speaker,

It is customary in budget speeches for Chancellors to speak at inordinate length and provide incomprehensible details of puny measures in a general attempt to deceive Hon Members into believing that the government's economic and financial policies will secure unparalleled national prosperity.

I propose to break that tradition. Hon Members can collect details of my tax changes at the Vote Office, and digest them at their leisure. If they can understand what my officials have decided to do about North Sea oil taxation, or why the Treasury feels it cannot relieve charities of VAT, they are better people than I. For my part, I intend to scrap the speech that has been written for me. For once, I shall tell the truth.

When we came to office, we were led to believe that inflation was caused overwhelmingly by excessive money supply, and that excessive money supply was the product of too much government borrowing. Further, we believed that tough measures to curb these pressures would put only a short-term brake on economic growth: soon all would be well, and the British economy would grow faster than ever. What is more, we were led to believe that we could bring this about whatever happened to world trade, or to the price of oil. Hon Members may recall the words of my first budget speech in June 1979:

> In the last few years, the hard facts of our relative decline have become increasingly plain. And the threat of absolute decline has gradually become very real. That is not a prospect I am prepared to accept. Nor, I believe, are the British people . . .
>
> It would be very dangerous if preoccupation with this or that 'world crisis' – 'the oil crisis', 'the dollar crisis' or whatever – led us to believe that our economic troubles could be blamed mainly on the outside world. The truth is that our troubles are very largely home-made. If we tackle them ourselves, then we can pull our economy round, even in a world of slow growth.

I can hardly blame Hon Members if they quote that passage against me now. It seems incredible now, but we really did not believe that doubling VAT would lead to higher wage demands; nor did we think that cutting government borrowing and raising interest rates (by two per cent in that budget, and by another three per cent in November 1979) would send industry reeling.

Further, we were convinced that the notion of using government spending to boost the economy at a time of recession was quite wrong. In our first public expenditure White Paper, we asserted that

> Higher public expenditure cannot any longer be allowed to precede, and thus prevent, growth in the private sector.

With that one sentence we turned Keynesian economics on its head. Unfortunately his analysis survived; ours did not.

Even our specific faith in the link between money supply and inflation has been shattered. As Hon Members know, the all-party Treasury committee examined this question in great detail. It unanimously concluded, in March 1981, that no direct link existed, except over the long term. As the committee said:

> Indeed, the Treasury's own evidence tends to refute any suggestion of any simple relationship in the short and medium term.

WITH ALL OUR early claims for monetarism blown away by the evidence, we moved into a second phase of illusions. We tried to con this House, and the electorate at large, into believing in the 'cold-shower' theory of economic revival. That is, we hoped that the very damage we had done to industry by our policies would shake the surviving companies out of their torpor and bring about more dynamic growth, with higher productivity. In last year's speech I boasted that

> Productivity has been rising sharply. In manufacturing industry last year, output per man rose by about ten per cent.

Other ministers, including the Prime Minister, reinforced the message: at long last British manufacturers were improving their efficiency at a rate that rivalled even Japan's record.

This year's budget speech, as prepared by my officials, makes no mention of productivity. The reason is simple. 1981 did not anticipate an economic miracle at all. What happened that year was simply a shake-up of surplus labour at a time of contracting output. Our latest figures show that in 1982 productivity returned to roughly its historic rate: output per person in manufacturing rose by just 2.1 per cent.

Nor are we expecting any significant improvement on this rate. This year's 'Red Book', outlining our view of economic prospects, states:

> Growth of total output in the range 2-2½ per cent, if sustained for a period, is probably consistent with no great change in unemployment.

In other words, we expect productivity to grow at 2-2½ per cent over the medium term, for any greater productivity growth, without any faster economic expansion, would lead to higher unemployment.

So much for our 'cold shower' miracle. It says much for our propaganda powers that anyone ever believed it. After all, fixed investment – the necessary precursor of modernisation and sustained growth – has fallen under the present government: in 1983 it will be lower than in 1973, when the much-despised Edward Heath was Prime Minister.

I must end this speech with a warning. Before deciding to come clean, I recorded a ten-minute talk which will be broadcast on television this evening. It contains various charts which I now realise are highly misleading. For example, it shows the average unemployment rate for the period 1979-83 as two million. The true figure is 2.3 million – but even that is distorted by the inclusion of the figures for 1979, which are almost wholly the responsibility of the previous Labour government. A more honest figure for the present government would cover the years 1980 to 1983. The average would then be 2.6 million.

If my broadcast were to be even more honest, the chart would show the current unemployment level of 3.2 million – just as other charts show the current rates for inflation and government borrowing.

My broadcast's statements about productivity are more misleading still. A chart shows – rightly – how our productivity record lagged behind our competitors between 1960 and 1980. Our average productivity rate was 2.4 per cent, theirs was four per cent. Then my chart purports to show how we spurted ahead in the period 1980-82, with British manufacturing productivity growing by 4.5 per cent a year, with the rest of the industrialised world trailing at 1.5 per cent.

However, as I told the House earlier, much of that 'improvement' was simply a shake-out. And the television chart omits the 6.5 per cent *decline* in manufacturing productivity that occurred in 1980. A truer figure for the present government would be to compare the last quarter of 1982 with the last quarter of 1979. Over this period productivity rose by a *total* of five per cent, or an average of just 1.7 per cent a year. Far from outstripping our competitors, we have actually managed over the last three years to do worse than during the previous 20 years.

Mr Deputy Speaker, faced with my responsibility for this mountain of deceit, only one honourable course is now open to me. I resign."

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PEACE CAMPS

Who is the greater felon?

Lord Hailsham thinks the Greenham women are 'loony'. The women themselves have a similar opinion of the legal moves against them, as Sarah Benton reports

The law doth punish man or woman
Who steals the goose from off the common
But lets the greater felon loose
Who steals the common from the goose.
(18th Century verse)

DURING THE first major trial of Greenham women, in Newbury on 15 and 16 February this year, one scene illustrated the unbridgeable gulf between the women and the authorities who – with a mixture of bewilderment and vindictiveness – are trying to control them.

The magistrates had left the court to consider their decision. Inside, 44 women were on trial; at the back of the room sat a score of women supporters. As the magistrates walked out, 30 police officers unexpectedly filed in and, standing shoulder to shoulder, lined up in front of the supporters, preventing them from seeing the defendants and, presumably, from engaging in one of those wilful and anarchic gestures against authority which have been the women's hallmark so far.

Reacting in unspoken accord, defendants and supporters rose, stood on their chairs and, leaning over the police officers' heads, held hands. Then they began to sing, and continued to sing after the magistrates had returned, banged their gavels and cried in exasperation 'Ladies *please*'. To the women, their action was perfectly reasonable; an assertion of solidarity and resistance. To the magistrates, it was one of those acts which led the Lord Chancellor to denounce the 'loony women' of Greenham last weekend. In the end, in order to re-assert the rule of law, the magistrates gave in and ordered the police to leave. The women quietly sat down.

Behind the increasingly frequent clashes between peace activists and a battalion of State authorities, a pattern is emerging. Individual police and prison officers may well behave vindictively towards women, when no one from the media is around. The Ministry of Defence, including its military police force, will go to any lengths to avoid being joined in any official action with the women. Magistrates and the one judge so far involved have been retreating behind the impassive assertion of their legal status, dealing out minimum sentences and refusing to be drawn into any discussion of their decisions; they are just doing their job. No doubt, pressure has been put on local authorities, of which Newbury District Council is the most prominent, by the Ministry of Defence to be the 'front line' authority.

The Ministry of Defence has retreated into the heart of its domain at Greenham. In 1960 the Secretary of State for Air formally acquired Greenham Common from Newbury Borough and, it seems, the adjacent Crookham Common. (The 1960 deed merely refers to the 'property edged green' – Crookham Common on the map – 'which is now owned by the Purchaser', i.e. the Air Force.) The freehold of this land was quietly handed back to Newbury Council in July last year. Newbury's solicitor, Michael Harris, provided no conveyancing documents at the possession hearing to show who owned Crookham Common and when the MoD had acquired it.

It seems unlikely that the MoD suddenly discovered it now had no further use for Crookham, site of an ammunition store and airfield. When a Commission headed by Lord Nugent reviewed the use of MoD land during 1971-3, it recommended that the 1,259-acre Greenham site (twice the 630 acres specified in the 1960 deed) be retained by the MoD. It acknowledged that Newbury then wanted the land returned to facilitate its own planning powers, and that common rights were claimed over the 20 per cent of land not being used by either the RAF or USAF. These rights were not then admitted by the MoD.

Newbury Council stopped acknowledging any common rights at all at Greenham and Crookham in January 1983, when it passed two deeds of revocation – taking back from the public those rights of 'air and exercise' which had been granted before the war under the 1925 Law of Property Act. For, to the disappointment of the Greenham women, the general public has no inherent rights over common land; only the people whose property is on Greenham Common have the right to issue forth to collect gravel and nuts. The women were not the only ones to be disappointed. 'The revocation of access is an abuse of public trust' claimed the Open Spaces Society (President, the Earl of Onslow) in a comment this week on events at Greenham. It repeated the recommendation of the 1958 Royal Commission on Common Land that the public should have a general legal right of access to all rural commons.

WITHOUT ANY SUCH legal right, lawyers concede that the Greenham women had little defence against Newbury Council's decision to evict them, and to prevent them 'conspiring' to trespass again on the re-possessed land. (The request for an injunction to stop them conspiring to incite *others* to trespass was rejected.) It is the reaction to the discovery that either assumed common rights don't exist or that legal procedures can unaccountably sidestep them, that is making many of the Greenham women into far more political beings. 'We are discovering it is up to us to make democracy work,' said 'Second Defendant' Ms Al-Sabbagh.

The women also assumed they had a right to legal aid. When some of them were charged with breach of the peace last November, legal aid was granted because a point of law was at issue. In subsequent weeks Greenham defendants were promptly granted legal aid anyway. Magistrates clearly preferred paid defence lawyers, following the rules, to the prospect of passionate women defending themselves with moral arguments. Is the government not breaking the Genocide Act, they ask? Is it not a lesser wrong to sit under a plastic sheet on a verge than to allow the inhabitants of Newbury to die slowly from the low radiation emitted by nuclear weapons in Green-

One unreported clash: a police van knocks into a woman outside Upper Heyford peace camp

Rupert Hopkins

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ham siloes? To the unshakeable and apocalyptic fundamentalism of Greenham women, the law has no answer.

But legal aid was twice refused in cases brought in February. The Law Society said it 'would not be reasonable in all the circumstances'. Meaning? Well, replied the Law Society, the women 'did not have enough interest' in the outcome of the hearing. It was, commented one solicitor, a 'purely political judgment'.

Another seemingly small matter of procedure was the initial decision to hold the hearing on Newbury Council's application for an injunction on 22 February. Six days earlier, most of the women named as defendants had been sent to Holloway prison for two weeks. They therefore would not be able to appear. Solicitor Jane Hickman refused to defend the women in their absence. Her decision created a flurry in the Home Office, whose Mr Evans spent most of Friday 18th trying to contact her to stave off such a public breakdown in justice being seen to be done. In the end, the Home Secretary made the decision. On Monday morning, it was decided to bring the women from Holloway to the Queens Bench Division, London, where the hearing would be. There, those who had not been in prison were separated from those who had. In now customary fashion, the women began to clap and sing. Mr Justice Croom-Johnson left the court, returning only to adjourn it until 9 March. Legal circles suspect he was chosen for such reliable taciturnity in the face of fervour.

From the women's point of view, 9 March was the day when the greatest procedural injustice was committed: the refusal to allow the hearing to be in public. This decision seems to have been taken out of terror that the women would create 'a scene' or, legally speaking, from the 'apprehension of tumult or disorder' like that witnessed at Newbury in February and the 'bedlam' in the Queens Bench Division last May, when possession proceedings against Greenham women were first heard. For the hearing on 9-10 March, not only did the Judge take over the court normally used by the President of the Family Division (reclassifying it for the purpose as private chambers); but the adjacent three courts were cleared as well, lest the women's tumult infect other normally subdued proceedings.

JUDGING GREENHAM women appears to be a shattering experience. According to one lawyer the habitual rude or patronising tones of judicial authority are quelled by the ingenuous demands of the women for clarity and explanations, and by their cries of 'Speak up' every time a magistrate retreats into legal mumbles.

While the councils, Law Society, police, magistrates, judges and government ministries are winning the procedural battles, the women are holding their lead in the moral war. At the end of the injunction hearing, Jane Hickman said that 'the impression was of the absurdity of these bureaucrats, all these grown men, devoting all their energy to defeating this bunch of women'. The absurdity of grey-suited men solemnly counting Indian tepees on waste land as evidence of trespass, and moving in constant fear of ridicule from this newly monstrous regiment, was presumably missed by Lord Hailsham when he contemplated looniness.

Meanwhile, out of the public gaze, innumerable petty acts of harassment go on. A senior officer from Thames Valley police is investigating the allegation that on 15 February a policeman drove a vehicle at over 30 mph towards a group of women demonstrators. Outside Holloway jail, police shouted 'Good morning campers' down a megaphone in the middle of the night, waking the women camped on the pavement. Last Friday night, a police van drove up to the camp of women at Greenham, parked, and turned its headlights full onto the group of women. When one woman asked them to move so she could get her car out 'they sat like zombies, pretending they could not hear.' Such actions, says Newbury's Chief Inspector Bracken, are not done under his orders.

Many of the women fear that, by such harassment and manipulation of procedure by the authorities, rather than through open public trials, their confidence will be sapped. But there is little sign of it so far. Despite the intimidating police van, the next day women were again inside the base, planting daffodil bulbs, cheerfully singing derisive choruses at the policemen who passed to investigate the perimeter fence for the latest breaches. The police blushed and grinned.

In contrast with confrontations with working-class youths on the streets, the police cannot use mass violence to suppress women peace campers; unlike confrontations with, say, Shrewsbury building workers, the protest will not die away once the police arrest 'ring leaders'. Nor has any authority yet dared to deal out the sort of punitive sentence or ruling that would turn the conflict from a series of small, daily encounters into a national, public trial of political arguments. The desire for that argument is why women first set up camp at Greenham, insisting they would stay until the Minister of Defence debated with them. But faced with the famous 'unreason' of the women, what rationality behind a nuclear balance of terror can the government adduce in its own defence? □

Additional information from Sylvia Collier and Nick Virgo. Chronology by Lynn Taylor and Sue Shaw.

The New Statesman *would like to hear of other incidents concerning peace activists and the law. Please send details, of minor and major incidents, to Peace Action,* New Statesman, *14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU, saying where we can contact you if necessary.*

Greenham and the law – a brief history

Date	Action	No Involved	Outcome
27.8.82	Occupying sentry box *inside base*	19	October joint trial; 23 sent to prison for 2 weeks; rest bound over
5.10.82	Interrupted laying of pipes to base	12	
12.12.82	Embracing the base	30,000	NO CHARGES
13.12.82	Blockading gates of base	2,000	1 charged with obstruction; fined
1.1.83	Dancing on silos *inside base*	44	February trial; 37 sent to prison for 2 weeks, breach of peace
7.2.83	Heseltine's visit: *entered base* with snakes (symbol of women and nature);	31	NO CHARGES
	Gates blockaded	100s	41 charged with obstructing highway; trial 15 April
9.2.83	George Bush in London: 'die-in' and candlelit vigil	100	32 charged with obstructing highway; trial 28 March
14.2.83	*Entered base* and sat on cement mixer to stop construction	8	Strip-searched, finger printed. NO CHARGES
15.2.83	First day of trial (see 1.1.83); entered base to plant flower seeds	64	One woman dragged from barbed wire fencing; NO CHARGES
16.2.83	Blockading base gates	100s	34 charged with obstructing highway; trial 14-15 April
17.2.83	Chalking pavement outside Holloway	1	Charged with obstructing highway; trial adjourned
	Challenging police on above arrest	1	Charged with verbal abuse likely to cause breach of peace; trial adjourned
25.2.83	Entered base: lit candles for each of women in prison	5	NO CHARGES
26.2.83	Broke into Holloway prison and sat on roof in protest against conditions inside	6	Charged with breach of peace; trial pending
1.3.83	On release from Holloway prison, and after departure of press, one woman re-arrested	1	Charged with obstructing highway; trial pending
9-10.3.83	Hearing in chambers of Newbury Council's application for injunction against 59 named women not to trespass or conspire to trespass; also of Council's claim to repossess land	59; plus 400 apply to be 'joined' with named defendants	Injunction and eviction order granted; request for hearing to to be held in open court rejected
11.3.83	Blockade of Comiso peace camp	?	12 women arrested, incl. 4 from Greenham. In jail pending trial

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SIZEWELL

Slapstick and tragedy

Jennifer Armstrong reports on women, lupins and nuclear waste

DAY 37 AT THE Sizewell Public Inquiry; it was International Women's Day. In the Snape Maltings hall, the furniture had been rearranged. The stenographers' table, which, since the start, had been alongside the Inspector's on the stage, was now in front of it on the same level as the rest of us. This did not surprise me. I had been in the hall on the previous Friday when the police were discussing the move. The reason was clear – the re-positioned table prevented any disruptive action close to the Inspector. To that end, it was a remarkably elegant solution.

What did come as a surprise was the reason for the change as given to the press. It was, we were told, because the stenographers were having hearing problems. This raised a number of questions. Why wait two months to remedy the problem? Why not adjust the microphones? Why involve the police in stenographers' hearing difficulties? Best of all, why not tell the truth?

And why, when a policeman was quite clearly seen by a number of people, noting down car numbers, were we told that he was not in fact noting down car numbers? So what was he doing? Certainly, there have been many complaints of boredom as the CEGB has read aloud 45 proofs of evidence, but surely the police had not resorted to car spotting.

In the event, the table need not have been moved – although, for fear of loss of face (or is it loss of hearing?) the table is now stuck in its new, awkward position. The women had not, of course, come to threaten the Inspector. As the afternoon drew to a weary close, they rose to their feet and, in a fashion entirely appropriate to this famous concert hall, burst into song. 'Shall I stop?' shouted the witness. But we carried on as if nothing was happening and, to the strains of 'Can't Kill the Spirit', he carried on explaining his plans for planting blackberries and lupins on the new sandhills to be created around the reactors.

One hopes that the action did not adversely affect the Inspector's view of the women. I say this, because his only official comment on them was not heartening. A woman from Cornwall asked one of the male objectors present to put a question on her behalf. The Inspector was critical of the fact that the question went beyond the terms of elucidation, which is the only sort of cross-examination permitted at this stage. The objector undertook to inform the woman that 'a warning shot' had 'been fired across her bows'. 'Perhaps you know her profile better than I do,' responded the Inspector. At this point, the transcript records 'laughter' from the largely male audience.

The singing brought to an end the CEGB's proof reading. Next on the stand was British Nuclear Fuels Ltd (BNFL), dealing with what are known as the back and front ends of the fuel cycle. The large number of people who are particularly concerned about the management of nuclear waste will not be comforted to learn that BNFL has no information on where the spent fuel from Sizewell – and from several other existing stations – will be reprocessed. This did not deter the witness from giving a remarkably confident appraisal of the treatment of the waste until 2090. His evidence coincided with the publication of a National Radiological Protection Board (NRPB) report which concludes that the intermediate waste from Sizewell and its successors can be safely stored in shallow trenches, probably in clay deposits in the south east of England. After 150 years, the health risks will not be 'significant' – a word which the BNFL witness used liberally when referring to the effect of radiation on the health of the nation.

The BNFL witness spoke disparagingly of those nations with civil nuclear power programmes who did not 'currently make use of the deep ocean disposal route', implying that, sooner of later, they would come to their senses. He did not, of course, refer to the decisive vote against such action at last month's Sea Dumping Convention. The same air of confidence also pervaded his assertion that 'in the unlikely event of anyone drinking from the stream to which the Drigg trenches drain, a continuous consumption rate of several litres per day would be required for the International Commission Radiological Protection (ICRP) dose limits to be reached'.

Predictably, no more facts on plutonium usage emerged. The Inspector disallowed a question concerning the amount stored at Windscale assigned to military use. He *did* permit one requesting the total amount of plutonium stored there – but BNFL declined to answer it. On the same day, the government attempted to account for the missing Windscale plutonium by disclosing that it had supplied plutonium, some of it of weapons grade, to Japan.

Throughout the BNFL case, four CEGB barristers made up an appreciative audience for the Inspector's witticisms – while running up a public account of, say, £2,000 per day. Not that the CEGB want to hog the proceedings. After all, it is a Public Inquriy and *Sizewell B newsletter no 3*, delivered free to all households in the towns and villages around the site, welcomes one and all. 'There are always,' it says, 'plenty of seats available at the hall.' Which rather speaks for itself.

Meanwhile, the Inquiry continues – although minus the friendly usher who, in a thoughtless moment, told the *Guardian* that he was combining his job with writing his case against the Board. He hasn't been called back for duty. □

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(BLOCK CAPITALS PLEASE)

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TECHNOLOGY

Speaking to the void

Caroline Berman looks at a new way of advertising

DAZZLED BY THE message that 'information technology is good for you', many British companies are spending hundreds of pounds to advertise on a medium that has no audience. Online Viewdata Marketing (OVM), a company with a complicated history of debt, is setting up a classified advertising service on IBM's private 'viewdata bureau'. At the moment the system is not only inaccessible to viewers but also, at best, incomplete and very expensive to use. The potential audience of 25,000 businesses which have viewdata TVs would have to pay OVM an extra £20 annual subscription to receive the advertising. It would be far more effective and simple for them to use Yellow Pages.

Viewdata is the generic name for systems that link a specially adapted television to a computer store of information via an ordinary telephone line. The information is displayed in pages of text on the screen. Private viewdata systems, such as the IBM one being used by OVM, are normally used for inter-company messages, stock control and simple data processing. Travel agents use one called TOPS to book Thomson holidays directly, Debenhams use 'Debtel' to locate carpet stocks and British Leyland dealers use viewdata for tracking down spare parts.

OVM's aim is to sell advertising to at least

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five companies within each of the categories used in the Yellow Pages classification. Members of OVM's sales team are given a copy of Yellow Pages, a telephone and a script to which they must strictly adhere. They are told to introduce themselves as follows: 'Hello. This is OVM/IBM. You know, the computer people. I want to speak to one of your directors or perhaps the chap in charge of advertising straight away. I will repeat myself. Please don't waste my time. Now put me through immediately.'

When IBM, the largest computer company in the world, heard of this, it issued a statement saying that IBM supplies computer services to OVM but that there is no other connection between the two firms: 'We should be most concerned if anybody were to use IBM's name in any way which could mislead.' OVM has now changed that part of the script.

Elsewhere in the script, OVM explains how the pages on IBM's viewdata system are viewed by the public: 'The person calling you up first has a normal TV changer, the one that throws out a beam to change stations. When they push the number 9 button it switches the receiver on then up comes the yellow pages classified. It's called Blue Pages on TV viewdata.'

What OVM does not emphasise is that the user first has to buy or rent a viewdata set or TV adaptor, then have it connected to the telephone, then pay the subscription to OVM and finally pay for the computer time on the system.

The sales patter also asserts that 'at the moment there is an almighty rush to get the telephone yellow pages classifications on to the system'. But one former salesman says that during the week that he worked at OVM nobody managed to sell anything. 'John' answered an advertisement in *The Standard* for a job in 'TV advertising'. After a week of interviews, OVM promised him a salary of £11,000 and an 'extensive' nine-months training course.

He was sent to work in a room above a shop in Paddington, West London, and was disappointed to find that his job was simply selling over the telephone. 'The room was full of kids aged 16 or 17 sitting there with Yellow Pages on their laps trying to sell advertising over the phone,' he says. 'At the end of the week we met in a pub in Notting Hill to be paid. We were to get £50 for the week if we sold nothing, £50 plus fares if we sold one page, £75 if two were sold, and so on. But I was offered just £25.' During the week that John worked at OVM, the number of people in the sales team fell from 16 to eight.

OVM is run by Ivan Siou, who until recently ran his classified advertising on Prestel, British Telecom's public viewdata service. The system, originally called 'Track 2 Blue Pages', which had signed up hundreds of advertisers, was deleted by Prestel last August when £31,000 of bills were left unpaid.

Siou subsequently transferred his advertising idea to Intel, another Information Provider on Prestel, and changed the name to Online Viewdata Marketing. These pages were deleted last month when Intel's holding company, Duneport, went into receivership and Tony Littlejohn, its director, did not renew his contract with Prestel. Littlejohn says that Siou owed him £10,000, although Siou disputes this claim.

Michael Clark, OVM's company controller, says that since an article about OVM appeared in the *Financial Times* last month he has received 300 calls from companies enquiring about the new system. 'At the moment we are transferring 2,300 clients' pages from Prestel,' he says. Those who were on Prestel with Track 2 Blue Pages will pay a further £5 a week for their ads on the private system, and new advertisers will pay an initial £300 and then £5 a week. Track 2 was charging between £100 and £150 a year to advertise on Prestel.

OVM is also running a franchising scheme for its Blue Pages. Michael Clark says that there are OVM offices in Glasgow, Manchester, Edinburgh, Plymouth and Southampton, setting up regional electronic directories. People pay OVM £5,000 a year in return for which they get a franchised operation and have their staff 'trained'; they can then keep the revenue from sales of the electronic pages.

The switch from Prestel to IBM's private viewdata system, together with all the other changes, has left some of OVM's advertisers feeling decidedly confused. Ross Lewin of Partyfare, a caterer, says he has already paid £345 to renew his page for the following year, but he seems unclear as to what he has been paying for. He thinks he had about two replies to his ad in the past year. 'We feel it takes a while before it catches on,' he says. □

THIS ENGLAND

£3 book tokens for entries printed (on postcards, please).

□ The man who took the temporary crosses from the Falklands war graves says he has had £500 worth of goods burgled while he was in prison. 'To burgle a man's house while he is in prison is as low as you can get,' he said. – *Aldershot News* (M. D. Fry)

□ Tough steel boss Ian MacGregor, who earns £48,500 a year, has achieved another dramatic cutback. MacGregor, 70, a canny Scottish American, has persuaded a fishing club to cut his £6-a-year subscription to £3 – because he is of pensionable age. – *Daily Mirror* (Amanda Welles)

□ A machine which speaks with an American accent is sparing the blushes for visitors to the Central Library, South Shields. The £22,000 special reading machine for the blind is the first to be bought by a local authority for blind readers. But staff discovered during a trial run that it refuses to read out any kind of swear-word. Chief librarian Rod Hill explained: 'It will cause quite a few problems for those blind people who want to read something like *Lady Chatterley's Lover*.' – *Evening Chronicle* (Newcastle upon Tyne) (D.P.M. Salter)

□ A mounted policeman rode through the City of London with a letter bomb yesterday. The name of the policeman was not being released but the horse was Whittington, a 15-year-old grey. – *Guardian* (D. Richardson)

Mobil®

Pointing the way in the V&A...

The Victoria & Albert museum.
Dominating the South Kensington skyline, this massive cluster of buildings is certainly hard to miss.
However, once inside, the museum can quickly become a bewildering maze.

Which is why Mobil has sponsored and produced a special series of 12 broadsheet guides.
Covering everything from the Art of Islam to English Sculpture, these guides not only show you how to get around, they also depict and explain many of the superb exhibits to be found in individual galleries. *The guides are on sale in the museum shop.*

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CONSERVATISM

Boys will be boys

In this fourth part of his analysis of Conservatism, Raphael Samuel explores the nature of the party's profound sexism, and of its ambivalent homophobia

ONE OF THE UNIFYING strands in contemporary Conservatism is anti-feminism. It can be seen not only in the extraordinary outburst of venom which has been directed at the women of Greenham Common – 'social misfits', 'the Lesbian army' and, according to Mrs Thatcher, 'partly to blame' for the rising crime rate (*Mail on Sunday* 13 March 1983) – but also, more subliminally, in the negative symbolisation of female attributes, and the positive exaltation of the male.

Conservative rhetoric today is quite largely structured on the opposition between those two. In every sphere of national life – industry and the economy, politics and culture, education and religion – it valorises the 'hard' as against the 'soft', identifying the second with weakness and surrender. It is 'tough-minded' rather than tender-hearted. It uses military metaphors when speaking of the economy, and homo-erotic ones when extolling the virtues of nuclear weaponry. 'Featherbedding' is said to have 'emasculated' private enterprise in industry; 'mollycoddling' to have stifled the competitive urge; privatisation will give 'vibrancy' to small businesses. The male notions of honour and glory are uninhibitedly championed. In particular, 'courage' seems to serve contemporary Conservatives rather as 'socialist' does some people on the Left, as an all-purpose term which carries its own validation, and can be extended to the remotest cause (The *Daily Telegraph* the other week spoke of the 'immense courage' of Dr Graham Leonard, Mrs Thatcher's appointee as Bishop of London, in speaking out for the pro-Bomb lobby).

It is a curious fact that it is the aesthetes of the Party – whether in order to resolve doubts about their own gender identity, or as a way of ingratiating themselves with the Party 'bloods', or as a result of old-fashioned Tory spleen – who have constituted themselves as front runners in the Party's present anti-feminist campaign. Thus Roger Scruton, editor of the *Salisbury Review* – an all-male organ of Tory aesthetes heavily boosted in *The Times* and enjoying (through the Tory Philosophy group) the patronage of the Prime Minister – has launched a series of virulent attacks on the women's movement, accusing it of attempting to 'abolish' human nature, of harbouring 'imperialist' designs on the language, and of expending its energies on 'fantasies'. Women's studies, he writes in *The Times*, is a subject 'which has done more than any other to discredit humane education in American universities. The appeal of women's studies is precisely in its power to undo the effects of education . . . It . . . cuts across established disciplines adopting and discarding methods according to imperatives that have no rationale. It therefore ploughs like a tank through the enemy's lines and carries a swarm of believing students with it . . . The value of such a subject – which even a respected Scottish university has been tempted to introduce – is precisely that it destroys education'.

That other all-male organ of Tory aesthetes, the *Spectator*, has given the lead in disparaging the women of Greenham Common. Paul Johnson, in cavalierly brutal language, describe them as 'proselytising Lesbians, hefty ladies . . . a fairly gruesome bunch', and ends a sustained attack by recalling the fate of the 11,000 Virgins of Cologne 'who, according . . . to legend, set out on a pilgrimage and, being unarmed, were totally massacred by the Huns' (*Spectator*, 1 Jan 1983). Readers interested in the psychopathologies of Tory journalism might recall Johnson's vicarious pleasure at the idea of missionaries being eaten by cannibals.

A. N. Wilson, the literary editor of the *Spectator* – a novelist – writes of the 'harridans' of Greenham Common, subtly inverting the image of the weaker sex and associating it with the misogynist vocabulary of 17th century England. Alexander Chancellor, the editor of the *Spectator*, wrote in the *Sunday Times* of 'the demented feminists of Kings Cross and . . . other grim-faced extremists'. Jeffrey Bernard, the journal's 'low life' columnist, turned momentarily voyeurist, speculates on a possible shortage of 'knickers' on Greenham Common (*Spectator* 8 Jan 1983). And one of its television critics weighs in with an exercise in West End comedy. 'Miss Hermione Lee,' he writes 'with her cockney accent and large spectacles . . . seems to personify the spirit of the new channel – earnest, intellectual, feminist and tremendously dull.'

THESE MISOGYNIST stereotypes, trundled out of the dark recesses of the Tory subconscious, could be taken to illustrate that 'tremendous sense of fun' – whether man-of-the-world or boyish – which (like modesty) the Tory male is always proud to exhibit (jokes about women's knickers were apparently a high point of the 'Blue Revue' at last year's Tory Party conference). But they also reflect, like other jokes (such as that in the old days about miners buying pianos), some deeply rooted phobias. Conservatives have always shown consternation at the notion of women out of place. For Edmund Burke in the 18th century, they constituted a very negation of civilisation and order and, of all the phantasmagoric images which he conjured up in his *Reflections on the Revolution in France*, none can have been more frightening to his readers than that of the march of the women on Versailles (6 Oct 1789): 'the vilest of women' who, with 'horrid yells, and shrilling screams, and frantic dances' had made the King and Queen their captives. The 'revolutionary harpies of France, sprung from night and hell' re-emerged in the 1871 Paris Commune, when bourgeois Europe thrilled with horror at the spectre of the women incendiaries, and sighed with relief when they had been safely massacred. Earlier, one could refer to the hysteria provoked by the appearance of women prophetesses in the English Civil War sects. Samuel Butler, an alienated right-wing intellectual of Restoration times, exploring that genre of melancholic spleen practised in our own day by Peter Simple in the *Daily Telegraph* (unfortunately, with fascist undertones and in a far less ecumenical spirit), has some vindictive lines about them in his retrospective satire *Hudibras*, sneering at 'That sex to whom the Saints are all beholden', and making the London oyster-women who:

> . . . lock'd their Fish up,
> And trudged away to cry, *No Bishop*

a very symbol of the world turned upside down.

CONSERVATIVE ATTITUDES to feminism oscillate uneasily between ridicule and fear. Both are apparent in the response to Mary Wollstonecraft's *Vindication of the Rights of Women* (1792) and in the vendetta which associated her on the one hand with revolutionary Jacobinism, on the other with immorality and vice. She was accused of immodesty because she was interested in botany, and indecency because she advocated athletics for women. Horace Walpole called her a 'hyena in petticoats' because of her sympathy with the French Revolution. The Tory satirists of *Anti Jacobin* spoke of her 'profligate' and 'voluptuous' dogmas, and took advantage of her death in 1797 to make great fun of the fact that she had been born out of wedlock and had had an illegitimate child. Her attempt at suicide was taken as a final proof of the 'Gallic licentiousness' to which unnatural doctrines of equality inevitably led.

Conservatives have normally been opposed to any extension of women's rights, whether in the sphere of education, property

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relationships, family law or employment, and it is no accident that – as Constance Rover and Brian Harrison have shown – they formed the solid core of parliamentary opposition to women's suffrage. For Conservatives – as the recent ruminations of the Cabinet Think Tank remind us – women have always been defined by their family roles – as wives to their husbands and mothers to their children and with the home as their natural habitat. The idea of women's rights is doubly offensive, both because it calls male prerogatives (and family unity) into question, and because of its association with 'levelling' – that oldest of Tory fears. Of all those 'natural inequalities' which Tories reverence there is none which they hold more sacred than that which separates women and men; so much so, indeed, that any attempt to question gender roles seems tantamount to 'abolishing' human nature. Philosophically, too, the notion of women's rights is deeply offensive, descending from precisely those enlightenment and utopian strains of 18th century thought which Conservatism was constituted, philosophically as well as politically speaking, to oppose, and which have always been the special target of Tory satire.

Second only to the Tory disgust at the idea of the unsexed female is their horror at the idea of effeminacy in men. As in the case of anti-feminism, it serves as a focus for much more generalised fears of weakness, 'degeneracy' and 'appeasement'. Homosexuality itself is bracketed quite directly with treachery and subversion, and the tantrums of rage directed by Tory backbenchers against the Foreign Office seem to come from a whole complex of submerged fears in which sexual deviancy, spying for Russia and being soft on foreigners are amalgamated into a single malevolent stereotype. *Private Eye*, which these days might be thought of as the voice of the Tory unconscious, runs a regular queer-bashing strip cartoon, 'The Gays'. Its church correspondent is uniquely preoccupied with witch-hunting homosexual clergymen; while politically its one substantial coup in recent times has been the smoking out of Sir Anthony Blunt – the figure who has come to represent, in Tory eyes, that combination of softness and treachery which the present government is pledged to stamp out. Mrs Thatcher made a great point of being severe in the Blunt affair, using it politically to extend her attack on the Whitehall establishment. At a more individual level, a favourite family joke (according to a journalist who travelled with her to China) is that she can 'spot a gay from 50 yards' while her husband is blind to the signs. 'Denis once told me, "Margaret can tell at a glance. She knew all about Anthony Blunt without having to be told" ' (Jill Hartley, *Daily Star*, 13 October 1982).

CONSERVATIVE FEARS of the feminine, and the glorification of male attributes, could be said, in Freudian terms, to be 'over-determined' – i.e. subject to multiple and intersecting 'displacements' rather than explicable by a single cause. One could speculate generally, following the line suggested in Mary Douglas's *Purity and Danger*, on the disturbing impact of matter out of place – e.g. of women failing to fulfil the demands and expectations of their gender roles, or what Conservatives would think of as 'human nature'. Or one might consider the Janus-faced character of chivalresque ideas, and the humiliation and contempt it reserves for those who refuse the status of protected dependency. More directly, one might consider the ways in which the Conservatives, as the war party in British politics, have always privileged manly physical strength. As a Church Party, too, the Tories have privileged masculinity, making themselves partisans of muscular Christianity – 'a good, plain brand of religion' – against the 'prayer-mongering eunuchs' of the various High Church parties. Disraeli, it is true, flirted briefly with the Tractarians before settling down to the serious business of politics, but, from the 1850s onwards, the Party seems to have been consistently hostile to the 'effete' and 'Romish' practices of the High Church party – 'feminine' dress (at the time of the Ritualist controversies) and later the practice of auriculuar confession (which was held to undermine the patriarchal authority of the father) being particular causes of offence. So strong indeed was the hostility that in 1902 (as Canon Lloyd tells us) there was a strong current of opinion in the Party which was pressing for disestablishment.

The glorification of the male also owes much to the Party's imperialist associations. Women were the great enemies of the empire builders, threatening those freemasonries and companionships on which imperial expansion was built. The more ambitious of them left their wives at home; or prolonged the state of celibacy into middle age; while some of the most prominent – like Rhodes and Gordon – remained by choice unmarried. The adoration of the boy (which was to find its apotheosis in Baden-Powell's scout movement) is anticipated in some of the passionate attachments which developed between the empire builders and their native servants. The solidarities of the male expatriates among themselves were not less fervent. Kitchener, as Ronald Hyam tells us (*Britain's Imperial Century*, p.137) had no use for married men on his staff. Only young officers were admitted to his house – 'my happy family of boys' as he called them; he avoided interviews with women; cultivated a great interest in the boy scout movement; and embellished his rose garden with boy statuary. It is perhaps indicative of the atmosphere which such an establishment bred that his contemptuous term for the home politicians who interfered with him was 'those bloody frocks'; and it is indicative of the impact of imperialism on domestic politics that the anti-suffrage agitation of 1908 was headed by the two great returned pro-consuls, Curzon of India and Cromer of Egypt.

The denigration of the female is, if anything, even more apparent in the imperialist writers. Allan Quatermain, the narrator of *King Solomon's Mines*, boasts that 'there is not a single petticoat in the whole history'. Kipling, Mrs Thatcher's favourite poet, is a more ambiguous example. Never without friends of the opposite sex, he had a mystical reverence for women as Mothers – especially as the mothers of soldiers. But the societies which he celebrates, whether in the animal kingdom, British India, or his Devonshire public school, are almost entirely masculine in character. Sado-masochism is arguably one of the distinctive components of his pessimism – as indeed it often seems to be with Tory satirists. Mowgli 'the man cub' and Kim were notable contributions to the imperialist adoration of the boy and it is perhaps indicative of a barely repressed misogynist vein that his poem 'The Female of the Species' – a striking example of the notion of woman as siren, serpent, Mysterious Destroyer – was inspired by hatred of the Suffragettes. □

'COME UP TO MY PLACE AND I'LL SHOW YOU MY ELGIN MARBLES...'

Will Self

This is the first half of a two-part article.

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DIARY

Christopher Price

Though it always used to be said that parliamentary *opposition* was Labour's peculiar forte, it's a difficult thesis to sustain just at the moment. Perhaps the psychological change came during the Wilson and Callaghan years of government; perhaps antics on the floor of the House just don't appeal to the new young Labour technocrats who strove so hard to get there. At all events, there are now vast gaps on the Labour side and it horrifies some of the old stagers; particularly since the Tories are adept at stage-managing their side – especially for Parliamentary Questions. The Whips hand out to back-benchers, eager for advancement, carefully scripted supplementary questions to be learnt by heart and lobbed at ministers. The whole process is at its most nauseating during Norman Tebbit's stint at the despatch box. The thrust of the 'message' at the moment is to blame youngsters for pricing themselves out of jobs and therefore for being on the dole. This is followed by attacks on wages councils, and praise for the MSC's young worker scheme – though it is now a generally admitted failure – which encourages employers to take youngsters on at starvation wages. A recent chosen instrument for putting this rubbish across was Denshore Dover, the Tory MP for Chorley, and a somewhat unsuitable candidate for the task. When he entered the House in 1979, he made an effort to keep his high GLC salary as well as his parliamentary pay; fortunately even his Tory GLC colleagues were sufficiently affronted to cancel his contract on the spot.

○

Mr Dover will presumably get his due reward soon. It is usually a menial job in the Whips Office – and even for that degree of advancement, hard work is seldom enough. It's helpful to have a bit of blue blood as well. Currently – in ascending order of nobility – there are four aristocrats in the Tory Whips Office: Peter Brooke, son of Henry the Home Secretary, who was ennobled for losing the safe Conservative seat of Hampstead; Anthony Berry, scion of the first Viscount Kelmsley, who was gently pushed from newspapers into Parliament; Archie Hamilton, son of the 3rd Baron; and Robert Boscawen, offspring of the 8th Viscount. It's difficult to see why the Chief Whip, Michael Jopling, who's a Yorkshire petrol station proprietor, chooses to surround himself with such an extraordinary gaggle of limp Etonian aristocrats. Perhaps he feels that only such folk would put up with such a boring job.

○

This week's real financial milestone was not the Budget – it was an abstruse motion on Monday concerning HMSO and a Caribbean holiday airport. Painfully over the past few years, the House has been reforming its financial procedures and has now come up with a scheme which enables us to vote on specific estimates – but only to reduce them, of course, not to increase them. In theory, this might give the House the chance of voting on a supplementary estimate for Trident – *and thereby actually stopping the money being spent.* The subjects are picked by the Chairmen of the Select Committees. We were short of supplementary estimates on this occasion, since the drop in inflation has eliminated all the usual glaring ones. But we managed to rummage out these two – one concerning questionable accounting for the delivery of Hansard to MPs in London and the other about an airport and a Club Mediterranée to be built with the help of British taxes at Providenciales in the Turks and Caicos Islands, which simply failed to materialise. Some of my colleagues, like

John Garrett, see this as a giant step for Parliament. I am a little dubious.

○

Tam Dalyell's persistent efforts continue apace to nail the government over Falklands hypocrisy and the financial albatross that Mrs Thatcher's war has created for generations of Britons to come. He put down 27 written questions for answer on Monday, not only about the cost of private contractors busily spending our money in the Falklands, but also about Diego Garcia – that other group of islands, whose inhabitants we were happy to deport to Mauritius when it was wanted for a US airbase. Indeed, handing over our islands to Americans seems to be becoming a habit. The Foreign Office is currently negotiating a deal with a Virginian millionaire, one Mr Ratcliffe, under which he builds an airport on Pitcairn Island and we lease him a nearby one called Henderson. Mr Ratcliffe says he just wants sunshine and solitude. But it's under-water mineral wealth that really makes these remote islands attractive. The US has just declared a 200-mile economic zone, thereby claiming vast areas of the Pacific; while our old condominium the New Hebrides – now Vanuatu – has planted its flag on a couple of islands we quietly slipped to the French years ago, when we were meant to be looking after their interests. I fear that the non-aligned countries, for all their resolutions in Delhi, will be hard put to stop it.

○

In Delhi, efforts were also made to put some life back into the Cyprus talks, with a meeting between the newly elected President Kyprianou and the UN Secretary-General, Senor de Cuellar, who once himself had the job of negotiating a settlement there. I hope they make some progress, but time is running out. Their latest coup took place on the London stock market, when they managed to collapse the price of Polly Peck – which was meant to be earning vast profits from making cardboard boxes for oranges in Famagusta. But the real credit for the collapse should go to a good Turkish-Cypriot socialist, Alpay Durduran, who used parliamentary democracy (still permitted by the Turks in Northern Cyprus) to raise uncomfortable questions about Polly Peck's tax dodges.

ROGER WODDIS

Taking liberties

The proposed Police and Criminal Evidence Bill would give the police powers to search medical records and other confidential documents.

When a policeman isn't being kind to fences,
Or removing household valuables in vans,
His demand for even greater power incenses
The most enthusiastic of his fans.
The liberties he seems so keen to smother
Would last as long as snowballs in the sun;
To enter homes on some excuse or other
A policeman wouldn't need to use a gun.

When the enterprising copper's not policing,
He is busy searching photographs and files;
He loves to know whose overdraft's increasing
And which of us is suffering from piles.
When he isn't making plans to shop his mother,
He loves to step on rights so hardly won;
Weighing one consideration with another,
The policeman's bill is still a smelly one.

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FOREIGN NEWS: ZIMBABWE

Search and destroy

Fred Barnes analyses Robert Mugabe's reasons for sending the Fifth Brigade into Matabeleland

THE KILLINGS carried out by the Zimbabwean army's Fifth Brigade in Matabeleland are not brutal 'excesses' but part of a deliberate campaign to destroy the minority party, ZAPU. Although the brigade was sent in seven weeks ago, supposedly to clamp down on armed 'dissidents', since then there has not been a single confirmed report of clashes between army and rebels.

On the other hand, a number of sources report that the Fifth Brigade has a list of ZAPU officials and militants in the villages and townships. Anyone on it has been killed or detained. The threat by some ministers of the ruling ZANU party that ZAPU should be 'liquidated' is more than just rhetoric.

The Fifth Brigade takes its orders directly from the Prime Minister's office and there is ample evidence that Robert Mugabe himself is behind the campaign, along with his two security ministers, Emmerson Munangagwa and Sydney Sekeramayi. Recent off-the-record remarks by these three show that they are aware of the consequences of sending in the Fifth Brigade. They argue that the 'dissidents' are only sustained by the 'ZAPU infrastructure' – which in Matabeleland means the majority of the people.

The severity of the repression is at least partly explained by the government's fear of the 'Zero Hour' plan – an alleged ZAPU coup plot. According to Mugabe, the plan dates from 1976 or even earlier. ZAPU realised that it would be ZANU who would seize power or win elections and that they themselves would have to use force to take over. This is why Joshua Nkomo kept so many of his guerrillas in reserve and stockpiled Soviet heavy arms in Zambia and Angola.

When independence came, the story goes, some of the ZAPU leaders lost their nerve. But others kept the Zero Hour plan alive – they have been dubbed 'super-ZAPU', a party within a party. The plot was under the direction of a 'War Council' led by Vote Moyo, a ZAPU MP who was arrested last year. He was allegedly replaced by Sidney Malunga, an unassuming backbencher who was the first to protest in Parliament about Fifth Brigade atrocities. He was detained a fortnight ago.

Dumiso Dabengwa, former head of ZIPRA, the party's armed wing, wrote to the KGB in 1980 asking for help. He is on trial for treason at the moment and his letter to the Russians is the lynchpin of the prosecution case. However, the letter as quoted in court does not mention military aid.

The government believes that the upsurge in dissident activity by former ZIPRA guerrillas over the past year is a modified version of the Zero Hour plan. They maintain that the rebels depend on the ZAPU apparatus in Matabeleland. Nkomo's frequent denunciations of dissidents are merely seen as a smokescreen.

In reality, the rise of the dissidents is not under the direction of the ZAPU leadership. On the contrary, it is largely in protest at Nkomo's ineffectual performance. For example, the first wave of rebel activity came after Nkomo had endorsed Mugabe's use of the former Rhodesian air force and troops against his own ZIPRA guerrillas in Bulawayo in February 1981.

The most important evidence for the Zero Hour plan was the arms caches discovered on ZAPU property in early 1982. Yet the government had known that the arms were there for months before their 'discovery' and in some cases had even agreed with the ZAPU leadership that they should be cached. In contrast with the furore over these ZIPRA arms, little has been said about the large quantities cached by Mugabe's ZANLA at the end of the liberation war. When a ZANLA cache was uncovered last year the Prime Minister summoned newspaper editors to make sure the affair was hushed up.

The evidence for the Zero Hour plot is a bit thin. The Dabengwa letter, the arms caches, super-ZAPU – none is very convincing. How far Mugabe and his advisers really believe all this probably does not matter. The point is that it provides a rationale for the Matabeleland campaign.

Mugabe believes that it is the 'ordinary people' who are sustaining the dissidents, so it is they who are the target. Independent reports from the region suggest that local people are generally not very sympathetic to the rebels but are caught in the middle of an armed conflict where they can please neither side. The decision to send in the Fifth Brigade in January came after an alleged meeting between local people and dissidents at Bembesi. Yet independent sources say that no such meeting ever took place.

Mugabe first wanted to deploy the Fifth Brigade in Matabeleland in mid-1982, but at that time the unit had serious internal conflicts. The source of the problem was former ZANLA men who favoured unity with their ZIPRA counterparts. They now seem to have been eliminated. Units such as the paratroops and the Police Support Unit, composed mainly of former Rhodesians, are still playing a large role (see *NS* 21 Jan). Integrated army units containing both ZANLA and ZIPRA members have only been used in low-level support roles.

Although the conflict is far less 'tribalistic' than Western press reports would suggest, the army is employing one tactic which could have literally genocidal results. In the liberation war, the Rhodesian forces adopted a policy cynically known as 'Operation Turkey'. Movement of food was forbidden and local food supplies destroyed – allegedly so that guerrillas would not get them. This policy has been revived, with the important difference that this is a drought year – the second in succession and the worst in living memory. People are harvesting nothing and have nothing left from last year in their stores.

The Ministry of Health has stopped its feeding programme for under-fives and drought relief has been blocked, even in Hwange and Binga in northern Matabeleland– two of the poorest areas of the country, which are far away from the present conflict. Quite what effect this will have on the dissident problem is, to say the least, unclear; but the human consequences are likely to be disastrous. □

WEST GERMANY

No hiding place

Nicholas Bell reports on Helmut Kohl's willingness to abandon Turkish refugees to their fate

Basel

ON 3 DECEMBER 1982, the *New Statesman* published an article entitled 'Refugees Under Attack', concerning the fate of Turkish refugees in West Germany. Last week, the newly elected government in Bonn gave the first clear indication of the policy that it intends to pursue towards political opponents, in Germany, of the Turkish military junta.

Of the 65-odd Turkish refugees in Germany who face extradition to Turkey, there is one, Kemal Altun, whose fate has just been sealed. On 11 March, the Federal Government sent his lawyer an express letter announcing its decision (made already on 21 February) to approve the execution of Altun's extradition.

Kemal Altun is the younger brother of Ahmet Altun, the eminent CHP (Party of Ecevit) member of parliament. In September 1981, Kemal applied for political asylum in Germany. He is co-founder of a left-wing student organisation in Ankara and therefore feared persecution. To this day, he has received no reply to his asylum application, but has been the victim of an extradition request by the Turkish authorities, made within weeks of his applying for asylum in Germany. These circumstances can only lead to a strong suspicion of com-

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plicity between the German and Turkish authorities.

By sending an express letter to his lawyer, three weeks after the decision had been made, the German government not only wished to avoid a potential scandal during an election period (the extradition clearly contravenes clause three of the European Convention of Human Rights), but also, no doubt, to forestall protest. They very probably intended to carry out the extradition during the weekend of 12-13 March.

By making this decision, the Bonn government has blatantly ignored several international warnings and petitions concerning its policy of extraditing refugees to Turkey – West Germany being, so far, the only European country to do this. In November 1982, an open letter was presented to the Federal Government protesting against the extraditions and signed, among others, by Sean McBride; Anthony Gifford; Richard Hauser (of the Centre for Human Rights in London); Swiss author Max Frisch; Heinrich Albertz (ex-mayor of West Berlin) and Yehudi Menuhin. Other petitions, all in relation to the extradition of Turkish refugees, are at present being examined by the German Parliament, the Council of Europe and the European Parliament.

The European Parliament has, in fact, already intervened. In an official resolution dated 10 February 1983, it called upon 'member states to examine requests for extradition from the Turkish government with particular care' and 'to consider that it is necessary in cases of this kind to examine whether political considerations play a role and what the probable consequences of extradition would be for the person concerned'. The European Parliament 'expects that in such cases no definitive decisions would be taken on extradition until careful examination has shown that the claim by the person concerned that he would be in danger of political persecution in Turkey in violation of his human rights is without foundation'. This resolution also refers directly to the *New Statesman* article of 3 December 1982 which exposed the German policy on extradition.

The European Committee for the Defence of Refugees and Immigrants (CEDRI, Missionstrasse 35, CH-4055 Basel) has taken steps to attempt to hinder Altun's extradition. Since his case must be looked upon as a clear indication of the policy which the Kohl government intends to adopt towards Turkish Refugees, CEDRI appeals for letters and telegrams of protest, demanding the immediate halt to extraditions to Turkey, to be sent to Bundeskanzler Dr Helmut Kohl, 5300 Bonn 1, West Germany. □

CZECHOSLOVAKIA

High fever

Jan Kavan reports on Vaclav Havel's personal drama

VACLAV HAVEL, the internationally-known Czech playwright, who was sentenced in October 1979 to four and a half years' imprisonment for his activities in the Committee for the Defence of the Unjustly Prosecuted (VONS), fell ill suddenly at the end of January. Following a short but widespread campaign on his behalf, his sentence was suspended on 7 February, when he was transferred to Prague university hospital.

A week earlier, he wrote to his wife, 'I suddenly fell ill on Sunday 23 January. On Monday morning I was admitted to the prison surgery and then, on Friday, after some complicated negotiations, I was taken by ambulance to Prague Pankrác prison hospital. The first days were really terrifying. I had such a high fever that I shook all over, and the whole bed shook with me. My chest, my back and shoulders ached so much that there was almost no position in which I could lie. Each breath brought agonising pain. I had a continuous severe headache and was unable to eat and sleep for a whole week. I do not remember ever feeling so bad in my whole life before. I thought that I was dying. I seriously considered writing you a farewell letter, with my last instructions. What despair to find I hadn't even strength enough to write! . . . At the beginning they gave me only aspirin which seemed to me insufficient. Only on Wednesday, after an X-ray and other tests, I began to receive antibiotics . . . It seems that I have a pneumonia complicated by an abscess on the lung. My previous pneumonia (January 1980, Heřmanice prison) reduced my respiratory system's resistance to viral diseases. I have drawn attention to it at every conceivable time. When they transferred me from the work in the launderette I guessed what would happen . . .'

Palach Press

This exclusive photograph of Vaclav Havel in his hospital bed was taken last month. 'I seriously considered writing you a farewell letter,' he told his wife

The day that this letter reached Prague, Charter 77 spokesmen issued an urgent appeal to the President of Czechoslovakia to release Havel so that he could be cured. They were quickly joined by writers and artists such as Tom Stoppard, Roald Dahl, Arthur Miller, André Previn, John Updike and Edward Albee. Requests for Havel's immediate release were also made by International PEN and PEN Clubs in England, USA, France, Germany and Sweden. The authorities responded, which should encourage all those who believe that such protests can be worthwhile – even though they do not always result in tangible success. In the past, there have been many demands in the West for Havel's release, but his request for the remission of the remaining third of his sentence was nonetheless refused in 1982.

Havel has been encouraged by the Czech authorities to ask for clemency, which he has repeatedly refused to do, emphasising that such a request could imply that he was not innocent. He has also requested the simultaneous release of his friends sentenced with him. Last autumn, he asked for release for himself, on medical grounds, but this was only learned of in the West after the request was rejected.

It is essential that the campaign for Havel's release does not peter out. His sentence has only been suspended to allow him proper medical treatment. He could, if the authorities so wished, be sent back to prison as soon as he has recovered to serve the remaining ten months of his sentence. □

THE RELIGION OF TRUTH

Truth is that which is. Our being aware more fully of this reality is a matter of the development of the relevant but normally dormant faculties. We can know much more about the inner and spiritual realms of nature than is generally realised. The religion of truth is a matter of direct experience rather than adherence to dogma and belief.

For information write to:

The Blavatsky Trust (B)

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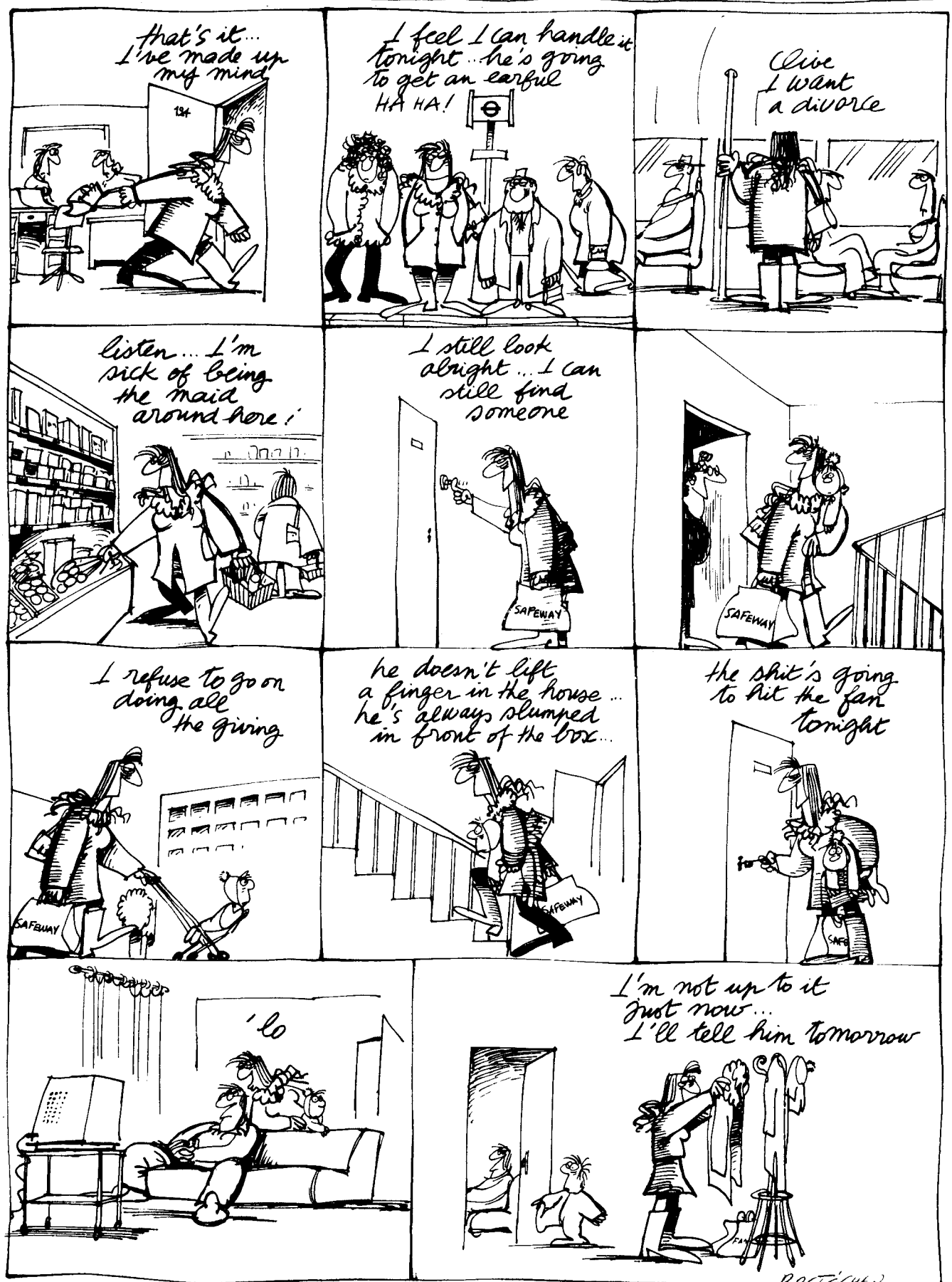
DIVORCE


that's it... I've made up my mind
I feel I can handle it tonight... he's going to get an earful HA HA!
Clive I want a divorce
listen... I'm sick of being the maid around here!
I still look alright... I can still find someone
SAFEWAY
SAFEWAY
I refuse to go on doing all the giving
SAFEWAY
he doesn't lift a finger in the house... he's always slumped in front of the box...
SAFEWAY
the shit's going to hit the fan tonight
'lo
I'm not up to it just now... I'll tell him tomorrow
BRETÉCHER

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LETTERS

Seeing green

Andy Roberts, Socialist Environment and Resources Association, London W1

While agreeing with much of Jonathon Porritt's article on the need for a 'Green Revolution' (*NS* 11 Mar), I found it greatly lacking in terms of a realistic political strategy.

This is largely because he doesn't examine the economic and political power structures of our society, and so can't really explain *why* we're in the state we're in. We live in a capitalist society, oriented to the pursuit of profit, and where most economic power lies with a relatively small privileged elite who have a vested interest in existing social arrangements.

Any attempt to move towards the kind of society outlined by Jonathon, with redistribution of wealth, decentralisation of power, and greater democratic control over production and technology, would involve a fundamental challenge to these vested interests. In particular, it would require a transformation of existing property relationships, introducing forms of social ownership (by which I *don't* mean nationalised bureaucracies). In other words, some sort of socialism is a pre-condition for claiming back power from big business and the state. Of course, this would not guarantee a more harmonious relationship with the environment, since this would depend on the way people used their democratic powers. But what we can be sure of is that ecological stability is incompatible with capitalism.

The beneficiaries of capitalism would be unlikely to take such an attack lying down. Any successful challenge requires the political mobilisation of all those who suffer under existing arrangements, and while agreeing with Bahro that we need to transcend an *exclusively* class-based movement, class still remains a basic reality of our society. While we would all like to see the end of class politics, this can only be done by changing the material conditions which create classes in the first place, and not by wishful thinking.

The support of the labour movement is essential to the achievement of an ecologically sane society. If the trade unions and the socialist political parties have no commitment to 'green' objectives, there can be little realistic prospect of fundamental change.

The Socialist Environment and Resources Association (SERA) is an organisation of socialists committed to this approach. We would argue (a) that any serious green politics must also be a socialist politics and (b) that the labour movement is a crucial area of activity, since unless the trade unions and the Labour Party are prepared to incorporate ecological priorities into their programme, there can be little possibility of a Green Revolution in the foreseeable future.

Unburying Marx

Alex Callinicos, University of York

If Peter Kellner wants to play the political thinker, and tell us to 'bury Marx' (*NS* 11 Mar), there is nothing much one can do about it. Journalists of his sort have been doing much the same ever since 1883.

He might get his facts right, though. Marx didn't pinch the guiding principle of communism, 'from each according to his abilities, to each according to his needs', from 'a group of anarchists, including Bakunin, in the 1870 Paris Commune'. Bakunin wasn't involved in the Commune, which took place in 1871. The phrase was actually coined 30 years earlier by the French Utopian communist Louis Blanc. So famous was the saying that contemporary readers of the 'Critique of the Gotha Programme' would have taken Marx's use of it there for what it was, a quotation.

Perhaps Mr Kellner should stick to something he knows about, like opinion polls.

Bombs for Chile?

N.L. Franklin, Managing Director, National Nuclear Corporation Ltd, Cheshire

Your correspondent Duncan Campbell (*NS* 18 Feb) ascribes to my company, NNC, and to its staff motives and views which are far from the truth.

Firstly, we have not been pressed by the British government to supply Chile with a nuclear power station.

Secondly, we attach great importance to avoiding nuclear weapons proliferation, and would not be willing to supply plants to designs which could not be effectively inspected and safeguarded. Past experience suggests that no British government would authorise us to make such a sale unless an effective safeguards system was to be implemented, nor would we be willing to do so.

Thirdly, we would welcome Chile as a customer provided this accorded with the views of the government and with commercial prudence.

Ed. note: see news story, p5.

Koestler

Wynn Wheldon, London W2

Is David Murray's mean and inelegant essay (*NS* 11 Mar) *really* all the *New Statesman* has to say about Arthur Koestler?

Wards of court

Rachel Hodgkin, The Children's Legal Centre, London N1

Moira Gibb accuses us of passing 'silly' comments on the cheapness of wardship proceedings (Letters 11 Mar). She is certainly right that warding a child may be, regrettably, all too expensive a procedure.

What concerns us, and many others acting on behalf of children and parents, is that a £40 cheque (with no supporting evidence) is all that is necessary to commence wardship – which may then result in the child spending long periods in a placement away from parents while awaiting the full hearing. In a small child's life even a few months can make a crucial difference: as the judge in the 'Wilson' case said, it was 'extremely unfortunate' that a four-month delay had occurred, leaving him with no alternative but to uphold the status quo. His remark, 'the mother and father may well have a grievance', must be one of the understatements of the year.

I should also like the opportunity here to correct the legal gibberish which was attributed to me in the original article. Neither 'magistrates' nor 'interim orders' are of course involved in obtaining originating summons in wardship cases.

Jones the milk substitute

Mervyn Jones, London NW1

Ann Shearer's review of Vincent Brome's life of Ernest Jones (*NS* 11 Mar) contains quite a few silly remarks, but the prize winner in her portrait of Jones is her reference to 'his insistence on milk substitutes which gave him rickets'. As the biography clearly says, Jones' mother got rheumatic fever and stopped breast-feeding when he was three months old. Perhaps Ann Shearer could tell us whether he voiced his insistence on substitutes in English or Welsh. He was indeed a precocious child, but this is terrific.

Dirty jokes

Anne Smith, Edinburgh

Re Ms Wintram's and Ms Robinson's protest about my 'Dirty joke' (Letters 25 Feb & 4 Mar): I suppose I should have stressed (and realised) that it was the doctors-and-nurses attitude to sex as revealed by the pornographic video catalogues that were given me that I found puerile and comic. In laughing at the fantasy notion of 'torrid rape', I overlooked the rape. And I did say that I haven't seen the films.

I'd take issue, if mildly, with Hilary Robinson. Stressing again that I've only seen the catalogues, I'd argue that pornography is a fantasy rather than a lie. From what I read it seemed that women take the initiative at least as often as men in these films – perhaps only in the sense that prostitutes take the initiative, but there's a case to be made against over-reacting against the implication that women can get randy quite spontaneously, and that women are just as capable as men of regarding their partners as sexual objects.

Again, Ms Robinson ignores the educational value of ordinary adult ecstasy pornography (which I take to be different from, because franker than, softcore pornography). For the number of women who have copied what they saw on the screen and failed to achieve orgasm, I'm prepared to bet that there are many ignorant couples who have achieved orgasm for the first time by the same process. As for the women who are the 'victims' of porno movie addicts, I feel pretty much as Rebecca West felt about battered wives – why don't they just get up and go? They're a disgrace to their sex. I suspect that Ms Robinson's 'sliding scale' may be the same scale that takes you from cannabis to hard line drugs in easy stages. I don't believe in it. Nor can I see how the existence of mail-order pornography denies women 'the emotional and physical space to explore and define our sexuality'.

On the other hand, I do agree with Ms Robinson's strictures against the illiterate grasping little pimps who make fortunes for themselves out of the porn trade. But if it weren't for the snuff movies and the child pornography, I would find even this possibly less offensive than I find Barbara Cartland's exploitation of women in her best-selling fiction. Or, indeed, the eternal diet of diets, make-up hints and soft-toy patterns in *Woman*. But I'm open to argument.

Too kind

Daniel Shaw, Camden Festival Office, London NW1

It was kind of Christopher Price to recommend Yannis Markopoulos' song cycle *The Free Besieged* at the Round House (Diary 11 Mar). I should point out, though, that the two performances are on 24 and 25 March, and *not* 17 and 18 March as implied. Also, for the record, far from being 'modest' the Greek Ministry of Culture's contribution to these Camden Festival events has been most generous.

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Alan Craddock

Christopher Priest

Hindsight

The Entropy Exhibition
COLIN GREENLAND *Routledge* £11.95

FORTUNATELY for scholars, literary movements leave abundant evidence of their passing, but to which of the principles should scholarship pay the most heed? Take Paris in the 1920s: do we accept Ernest Hemingway's version of events, Gertrude Stein's, Sylvia Beach's, or Morley Callaghan's? In other words, the protagonist, the patron, the by-stander or the hanger-on?

Literary movements are being written up sooner after the event than ever before. The 'British New Wave in Science Fiction' (to adopt the terminology of this book) began in approximately 1964, peaked somewhere between 1967 and 1970, and continued in one form or another until about five years ago. Now the first doctoral thesis has been published, and this is it. The author, Colin Greenland, was 10 years old when Michael Moorcock assumed the editorship of an ailing science fiction magazine called *New Worlds SF*, so this book is the real thing: a work of hindsight scholarship.

Moorcock is the protagonist of this story, there were several small-scale patrons (including, at different times and for different reasons, the Arts Council and myself), and most of the contributors were either by-standers or hangers-on. Moorcock, a charismatic, anarchic and extremely likeable person, always unwittingly attracted hangers-on. Admiring of the Moorcock brand of literary rhetoric, this Ladbroke Grove school soon developed consensus views, OK attitudes, hit-lists and icons, and a writing style identifiable to friend and foe alike. The personality side of the New Wave movement was one of two interconnected elements, the other being that it was always self-consciously a literary movement, politically inspired (in the broad sense) and fuelled by propaganda and scurrilous attacks on the opposition. The 'opposition' was at first the then-establishment of traditional science fiction writers and editors, most of whom were middle-aged American hack writers, and very few of whom showed any concern for or knowledge of wider literary values. Indeed, the word 'literary' was and is a negative buzz-word in the SF world, identified with poseurs and poofdahs.

For the first two or three years, the New Wave was locked in a healthy struggle with all this. Although *New Worlds* was not above publishing traditional writers – Arthur C. Clarke, Harry Harrison, E. C. Tubb, Jack Vance, many others – it printed several polemical editorials and numerous trenchant book reviews. After a while, with Moorcock's intelligent guidance, the New Wave idea began to catch on. It was the 1960s, after all, and a lot of young people were starting to write.

The propagandising continued until it seemed that the battle against the hacks had been won. In 1967, *New Worlds* went from being a grotty paperback to a conventional format magazine printed on coated paper. According to the expressed mood of the day, not only had SF been roundly defeated, it had ceased to exist. But this was an intellectual vacuum of its own making, and the mediocre rushed in to fill it. Novels aside (some good ones, notably by Brian Aldiss and Thomas M. Disch), were serialised, the fiction was marked by a sameness of tone: entropy, sex, electric guitars, self-fragmentation, jadedness, nihilism. Stories about a Moorcock coinage, Jerry Cornelius, appeared with increasing frequency from other hands, a high form of funny-voice writing, encouraged editorially of course, presumably in the mistaken belief that a knowing attitude and a tone of voice were the same as something being said. Many of the 'typical' writers of this time were new or unknown.

Dr Greenland's account of all this is a hard-working book, liberally endowed with quotations (rather too liberally, and poorly identified, I felt), and having the uncanny knack of recalling the same feelings of gloomy caffeine-high as the original magazine. This interested me for a time, until I recognised the probable cause. Greenland appears to accept at face value the conventional wisdom of the day, the reminiscences of the people at the centre. A lot of this was self-generated propaganda, and hindsight should know it.

Much is made, for instance, of *New Worlds'* record on sexuality, implying (by contrast with several quotes from the corny old pulp magazines) an early enlightened sexual consciousness; but a glance through old copies of *NW* reveals permissiveness and explicitness, but much sex-role prejudice. Perhaps more importantly, Greenland accepts the literary judgments of the day by giving the same weight now to the magazine's own contemporary assessments. Thus he uses as examples of the New Wave the work of writers who were then virtually unknown, and who are now almost forgotten. Many of these were very young. The work of young writers is not of great interest when it goes along with editorial policy (in spite of frequent disclaimers from Moorcock, this is what it was), but it *becomes* of

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interest in the context of their later, mature work. Greenland's literary perceptions fail because many of his quoted writers subsequently failed; untested writers like Chris Lockesley, Sam Wolf, David Harvey, Reg Moore, Brian Vickers have, through no fault of their own, become locked in the ambience they are now said to represent. In the 1960s, *New Worlds'* track record for finding new writers seemed exemplary, but tragically few of them have come through since. The best and best-known writers of the New Wave are those who were well established by 1964: Moorcock himself, Brian Aldiss, J. G. Ballard. In the United States, three New Wave emergences, Thomas M. Disch, Roger Zelazny and Samuel R. Delany, are still at work.

If there is a generalisation to be made from this book, it is the observation that the more self-conscious writers, Moorcock in particular, justified their obscurities in terms of personal symbol. This was probably the one genuine development from the hack idioms of the time before: a move towards an autobiographical voice in science fiction, a voice shied away from by the old establishment. It came across crudely in the fiction – the Cornelius stories by the second-raters – but much more subtly in the propaganda. It is interesting to see, from this remove, how what at the time might have seemed to be broad-based literary pleading was, in reality, elaborate explanation of an inner growth in the ambitions of a few individual writers. □

ART BOOKS
John Spurling

Bloodstock

ONE PASSAGE in Sara Cornell's **Art: A History of Changing Style** (Phaidon, £15) struck me particularly: 'The most popular art in the 19th century', she writes, 'next to classical nudes and exotic antique or Oriental scenes, were [*sic*] moralizing genre scenes, sentimental anecdotes of middle-class domesticity.' Not in itself a remarkable statement, except that if you substitute Raymond's Revuebar for the classical nudes and antique plays and musicals for the exotica, you have a pretty fair description of the London theatre in 1983.

Why is art so much less convention-hugging and conservative than play-writing or, come to that, than writing in general? One of the many reasons must be that whereas most writers start from nowhere as self-taught amateurs, most artists begin by learning the craft from their immediate predecessors. The weaker pupils, of course, simply go on to drive the tradition into the ground, but those with energy and ambition twist it in a new direction. Occasional writers do this fitfully, but artists do it almost axiomatically, whole groups at a time, absorbing, reacting against and developing their tradition with every generation. In **Imagination's Chamber** (Gordon Fraser, £15.95) Alice Bellony-Rewald and Michael Peppiatt remark that Nicholas de Staël, the leading European abstract painter after the Second World War, became one of Léger's pupils and so established an 'apostolic succession', since Léger had been the pupil of Gérôme, he of Delaroche, he of Gros and he of David, the great neo-classical painter of the French Revolution.

But one can take the pedigree back a lot further than that: from David to Boucher and via Lemoyne and Lebrun to Poussin and from him through his studies with Domenichino in Rome to half the great names of the Renaissance, including Piero della Francesca and Domenico Veneziano; Andrea Del Sarto and Fra Angelico; Giulio Romano, Raphael, Verrochio and Donatello. And Verrochio begat Leonardo and Donatello begat Bertoldo di Giovanni and he begat Michelangelo. This is not a matter of anything so nebulous and arguable as influence but of the direct contact between master and pupil; and the fact that it passes from Florence in the 15th century to Rome in the 16th and 17th centuries to Paris in the 18th, 19th and 20th makes it also an outline of the central history of Western Art for half a millennium. Or more. Donatello's master was Ghiberti, trained by his father as a goldsmith; thus the pedigree disappears among the anonymous guildsmen of the Middle Ages and wanders, who knows, back through the twists and turns of Gothic and Romanesque art, Ottonian and Carolingian, Byzantine and Roman, to Greece itself and the still more ancient art of the Middle East which the Greeks learnt from and realigned.

Sara Cornell's book is intended as an introduction for young people, but its clear, firm grasp of this dizzily unreeling line of tradition, variation and innovation makes it an exhilarating and instructive read for the hoariest know-all. The author is especially deft at using particular examples, whether of architecture, sculpture, painting or craftsmanship, as well as summarising the socio-political changes and those of patronage and technique which have been as crucial as the ambitions and skills of individual artists. One could pick quarrels with her, of course, over her readings of Velasquez's **Las Meninas** and Courbet's **The Painter's Studio** or her almost exclusive emphasis on American art in the period since the Second World War (she doesn't mention De Staël); for greater detail, global coverage and a somewhat less simplified approach one might still prefer Hugh Honour's and John Fleming's **A World History of Art** (Macmillan, £17.50), published last autumn. But Mrs Cornell contrives to make her history finally subordinate to the objects themselves and this is why the poor quality of her illustrations – too small or too inaccurately coloured, though there are plenty of them and they are well placed in relation to the text – is unimportant. She leaves you determined to experience the real things.

Imagination's Chamber comes at art history through the description and illustration of artists' studios and inevitably concentrates chiefly on the period since the invention of photography. The book makes no attempt to be comprehensive or to satisfy much more than an idle curiosity; but the illustrations are good and there are some pleasant anecdotes. There are even two photographs of the studio of Balthus who, as he and his admirers never cease to insist, 'aspires to the anonymous perfection of the man liberated from the burden of himself'.

This quotation comes from the brief introduction by Balthus' son, Stanislas Klossowski de Rola, to a handsome book of 80 full-page colour plates of the master's work (Thames & Hudson, £15). It is an introduction perhaps unconsciously designed, in its combination of mystical reverence for the painter and sarcastic contempt for the vulgar curiosity of the public, to prejudice the reader against the pictures. Yet it was certainly not a man anywhere near being liberated from the burden of himself who painted these scenes – landscapes as well as the adolescent girls for whom he is best known. Frozen still-lifes, earthbound by their heavy forms and glutinous textures, other-worldly in their fairy-tale lighting, redolent less of timelessness than of empty time, they are a disturbing mixture of innumerable influences – Japanese, Italian *quattrocento*, Ingres and Degas, Matisse and Bonnard – ravished as if into some secluded Bluebeard's Castle by a powerful Gothic sensibility. Who was Balthus' master, or didn't he have one? M. Klossowski de Rola wouldn't of course tell us anything as plebeian as that. □

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PAPERBACKS
Alan Brien

Masquerade

I WONDER how many of the 'Best of Young British Novelists' would be described as 'young' by their parents, or, in some cases, by their children, if they were, say, footballers, ballet dancers, actors, pop stars, police officers or delinquents? Of the 20 chosen by the British Book Marketing Board whose publishers stumped up the £250 subsidy, and who are now handily sampled in tactful alphabetical order by *Granta* (Penguin, £3.50), only one seems to be under 30 (Kazuo Ishiguro, b. 1954). Three must be now pushing 40 (Christopher Priest, Philip Norman, Pat Barker – all b. 1943) with a fourth only a little behind (Buchi Emecheta, b. 1944). Another two (Lisa St Aubin de Teran, Adam Mars-Jones) provide no birth dates in *Granta*, while one, 'Alan Judd', gives no biographical information whatsoever.

Still, most of the score, if not indecently 'young' by the standards of Keats and Shelley, are anyway newly-reared to the book stalls, fresh entries in the library catalogue. Only four, Martin Amis, Ian McEwan, Shiva Naipaul and Salman Rushdie, could be classified as already household names.

A fifth of those on the list are not British born (Naipaul, Rushdie, Emecheta, Ishiguro) – a welcome breakthrough from inside our shell of parochialism. Almost a third are women (Pat Barker, Ursula Bentley, Maggie Gee, Emecheta, de Teran, Rose Tremain). And there is an encouraging spread across regional and class backgrounds, reaching beyond the closed system of Metroland, middle-class, Oxbridge writers (Ian McEwan's father was a Scots sergeant-major at Aldershot; Pat Barker was brought up by her grandmother on Teesside; Philip Norman's father ran the amusement arcade on Ryde pier). Several (Priest, Clive Sinclair, Norman, Adam Mars-Jones) omit all mention of any education, school or college, from their *Granta* biographies – in London literary circles, the equivalent of tacitly admitting to being illegitimate.

Nevertheless, certain common themes, shared obsessions, techniques and tones of voice appear to be emerging to suggest the best young Brits now on show are speaking the same literary language.

They are intrigued by the opportunities of amnesia (Amis's *Other People*, Priest's *The Affirmation*, Tremain's *Letter to Sister Benedicta*) and of characters gradually exploring themselves by the bedside of some stricken, immobilised love object (*The Affirmation* and *Sister Benedicta* again, A. N. Wilson's *The Sweets of Pimlico*, Graham Swift's *The Sweetshop Owner*). They challenge the last taboos, with incest between brother and sister (*The Sweets of Pimlico, Sister Benedicta*)

The Dukes of Norfolk
A Quincentennial History
John Martin Robinson
'Splendidly illustrated . . . as delightful and fascinating a chronicle as any lover of English history could wish to read.' John Grigg in *The Listener*. 'A lively and readable, as well as a beautifully illustrated, commemorative volume.' Hugh Trevor-Roper in the *Sunday Times*. Illustrated £12.50

The Life of John Milton
A.N. Wilson
'Concise, balanced, and wide-ranging, it deserves to become the standard life.' *London Magazine*. 'Warmly recommended . . . Readers will be delighted at the diversity and richness of Milton's character here revealed.' *The Times*. Illustrated £9.95

Vedi
Ved Mehta
'A luminous entry to the candid inner world of a remarkable writer.' Christopher Wordsworth in *The Observer*. 'Innocent, funny, yet at times cruel, Vedi's experiences, brilliantly and ingeniously told here in a fusion of infant and adult voices, enhance one's understanding of humanity in general, and India in particular.' *New Statesman*. £9.95

The Concise Oxford Dictionary of Proverbs
Edited by J.A. Simpson
'This dictionary is an excellent accession to the Oxford list of the best dictionaries there are . . . like any good reference book, this dictionary is ideal for family wrangles . . .Witty, too.' Christopher Ricks in the *London Review of Books*. £7.95

The Oxford Illustrated Literary Guide to the United States
Eugene Ehrlich and Gorton Carruth
'The Guide is enormous . . . Of course all the giants are here, chronicled in loving detail . . . very generously illustrated, with pictures and quotations.' *The Economist*. £17.50

H.H. Asquith: Letters to Venetia Stanley
Edited by Michael and Eleanor Brock
'Superbly edited, they constitute a document of matchless historical value. Reading them, one seems to be peering through a keyhole into a brilliantly lighted room in which great events are being enacted. They are also a poignant revelation of a human heart laid bare.' George Malcolm Thomson in the *Financial Times*. Illustrated £19.50

De Valera and the Ulster Question
John Bowman
'This is a very important and exciting account of the key figure and the key relationship in the history of the Republic of Ireland.' Bernard Crick in the *New Statesman*. 'A most interesting, scholarly, often subtle and very valuable book . . . warmly recommended.' Conor Cruise O'Brien in *The Observer*. £17.50

The First Clerihews
E. Clerihew Bentley and collaborators
'A highly rewarding compilation . . . high standard of material . . . loving care for a literary relic is also noticeable in the beauty of the whole production.' Gavin Ewart in *The Observer*. Illustrated £6.95

The Image of the Poet
British Poets and their Portraits
David Piper
What have the great poets looked like? What have they thought they ought to look like? These questions, and the discrepancy between them, are the theme of this strikingly illustrated study: learned, witty, elegantly written, with a splendid portrait gallery. £17.50

Marxist Introductions
Two new volumes in this important series, published to coincide with the centenary of Karl Marx's death, are *Marxism and Philosophy* by Alex Callinicos, and *Marxism and Anthropology* by Maurice Bloch. £9.50 each

Oxford University Press

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now replacing that between father and daughter (several stories in Sinclair's *Hearts of Gold*). There is a pervasive feeling, like a schizophrenic undercurrent tinged with strands of the occult, that the world is not fixed and orderly, but free-floating, loose in time and space, with people swapping identity, often in mid-sentence. There is a tendency towards Borgesian game-playing with novels within novels, authors uneasily losing control over their creations.

This is not to say that the more conventional works are not often richly entertaining. In *Adah's Story* (Allison & Busby, £2.95), a double-volume of Buchi Emecheta's autobiographical tales, we eavesdrop on the adventures of a spunky, sharp-eyed, even sharper-tongued young Nigerian woman battling to keep her family afloat in an alien London, nightmarish yet instantly recognisable.

Ursula Bentley's first novel *The Natural Order* (Arena, £2.50) fits a fairly predictable mould, though with roles reversed – a pretty, witty girl graduate in her first job at a Catholic school becomes entangled with her two best friends in farcical intrigues to seduce the golden Head Boy. Beastly pupils and dreary staff are comically caricatured, but the main reason for reading on is the first-person heroine's attempts to preserve an ironic distance from her own bouts of hormonal hysteria and lubricity.

Another first novel, *The Sweets of Pimlico* by A. N. Wilson, seemed to me rather more satisfying than its successor, *The Healing Art* (both Penguin). The former, encased in a mannered, mandarin prose, rather like a double-breasted strait-jacket, where every commonplace is picked up in the tongs of Jamesian quotation marks, nevertheless kept me intrigued by the ingenious twists of its plot and antics of its quirky people, as a self-deluding Kensingtonian school-ma'am gets further and further out of her depth in a pool of cosmopolitan pirhanas. In the second Wilson attempts a more painful, palpable theme – two women with breast cancer, one of whom has only months to live – yet never quite understands how much his own social and religious blinkers distort our view of his characters.

Wilson in both novels is bespectacling himself with female lenses. In *Letter to Sister Benedicta* (Arrow £1.25), Rose Tremain keeps her gender, but inhabits the mind and body of a far, ageing, wordless slug of a rich woman, cut off by her apathy and silence from a husband now in a coma and a son and daughter now enjoying each other in bed.

Despite various awkwardnesses of construction, Rose Tremain still manages to convince us that we and she are co-habiting under the skin of a real woman, and sharing her fears and excitements as she tries to escape into independence. Graham Swift in *The Sweet Shop Owner* (Penguin, £2.25) makes an even more incredible soul-swap, taking on the entire psychic and physical costume of a boring, spineless, dim old shop-keeper in the southern suburbs, dominated by his beautiful, ailing wife and rejected by his clever, ruthless daughter. It is incredible how Swift has soaked in the entire environment, reproducing every thought and sight with the accuracy and avidity of Joyce in *Dubliners*. But do we need one short story blown up to such wide-screen proportions?

The two novels appearing this month in paperback which most excite hopes that the BYBN in not just a media-hype are Christopher Priest's *The Affirmation* (Arrow £2.50) and Kazuo Ishiguro's *A Pale View of the Hills* (Penguin £2.25). Priest begins with awful flatness, introducing us to a priggish twit, still reeling from the death of his father, the loss of his job, the departure of his girl friend, who decides he will drop out and write his autobiography. Just when the reader is about to let the book slide from a nerveless hand, fearful he will now have to read the dreadful life-story, Priest starts fiddling with the universe, exiling his narrator to another planet, like an anagram of ours.

The most impressive so far of the new talents is that of Kazuo Ishiguro. His *A Pale View of the Hills* is observed and recorded by a young, grateful, obedient Japanese wife in post-war Nagasaki. It is written in almost transparent yet glowingly lucent prose which continually suggests that beyond each word is another, and another. What happens is usually wonderfully ordinary, yet always open to several interpretations. In the end, the reader supplies all the ideas and emotions which will finally solve the enigma, yet cannot help remaining lost and worried in case there is another entirely different explanation, or perhaps none at all. □

BIOGRAPHY
Rupert Christiansen

Refined egotist

The Life of Katherine Anne Porter
JOAN GIVNER *Cape* £15

'When the human personality suffers repeated failures', wrote the poet and critic Allen Tate of Katherine Anne Porter, 'it recoils into self-worship, or at best a refined egotism.' Joan Givner, without obtruding her judgments, is inevitably kinder: a biography can hardly help but give its subject a certain heroic stature. Nevertheless, the defence fails, and a fairly depressing picture emerges.

Porter had long been one of the most admired short-story writers of mid-century America when her first and only novel *Ship of Fools*, published in 1961 when she was over 70, flung her into another league of wealth and popularity. As in all the best American fairy stories, she had made it at last. Her childhood, spent in a small Texan revivalist town, had been a time of 'stifling and unbearable unhappiness'. The circumstances were Faulknerian, combining material poverty and intense familial emotions. Her mother had died when she was two, leaving her besotted father in a state of irritable and ineffectual self-pity. The three Porter daughters were taken to live with their grandmother in her tiny widow's house, hanging on at the very fringe of gentility.

Nothing in these early years seems to have been anything but grindingly dreary, and Callie Porter, as she was born, grew up with an overpowering yearning for her supposed lost status – which, in a sense, it became her life's effort to retrieve. Later she changed her name to the more dignified Katherine Anne, editing and re-editing the past for both her fiction and her own satisfaction. The fantasy moved her markedly upward in the class scale, and friends and journalists were given out tales of her days in panelled drawing rooms with faithful black servants. In middle age she even fabricated a family tree, turning herself into the scion of a noble dynasty simply by roping in any Porter or Jones (her mother's maiden name) of any distinction.

She could not wait to get out and, despite her complete lack of education, showed an unrelenting determination to make something of herself. After various false starts, including a disastrous marriage at 16, a spell in a sanatorium and another as a movie actress, she settled on journalism, reaching the mecca of Greenwich Village in 1921 and publishing her first short story in 1922. She spent a lot of time in Mexico, fought for Sacco and Vanzetti, visited Berlin in the early Thirties, and was a close friend of Hart Crane, but the externals of her adult life make dull reading. Her reaction to everything was to put it into her fiction – a process Mrs Givner charts in exhausting detail – rather than to respond directly. Until her prosperous old age, she seems to have survived on the brink of chaos, emotionally unstable, a victim of writer's block, chronically restless, a short story writer with an even shorter power of concentration.

To Joan Givner, she was a Flaubertian perfectionist, and her output is certainly one of extraordinary consistency and polish. Porter's 'emotional center', her biographer claims, 'the one continuing thread of her life, was her work as an artist.' To this one has to add that her achievement was made at a terrible human cost. The traumas of her childhood, especially a rejected love for her father, left her abysmally dependent on men for her sense of identity: infertility was her other lifelong disappointment. The book is strewn with the emotional corpses of four husbands and a long succession of unsatisfactory lovers. She craved loyalty, but when she got it felt trapped and bored. She suffered from an appalling romantic susceptibility to youth and good looks, confessing in a sober moment that her objects were 'transfigured with a light of such blinding brilliance [that] all natural attributes disappear and are replaced by those usually associated with archangels at least'. The young and innocent were her victims, and whether they were sacrificed on the altar of short stories, or free sex, or liberty surely makes little difference. Any compassion one feels is soon worn down by her own notable deficiency in that quality. What Joan Givner calls Katherine Anne Porter's 'heroism' looks to me like plain ruthlessness. □

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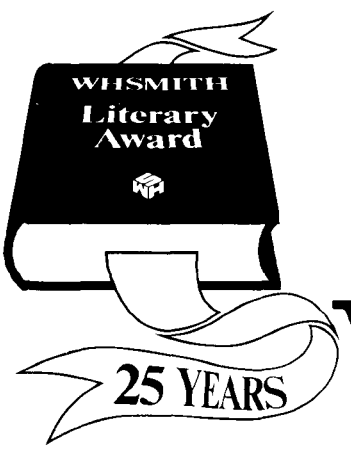
25 years of the W.H. Smith Annual Literary Award Winners.

1959 **Patrick White** - Voss
1960 **Laurie Lee** - Cider With Rosie
1961 **Nadine Gordimer** - Friday's Footprint
1962 **J. R. Ackerley** - We Think The World of You
1963 **Gabriel Fielding** - The Birthday King
1964 **E. H. Gombrich** - Meditations on a Hobby Horse and Other Essays on The Theory of Art
1965 **Leonard Woolf** - Beginning Again
1966 **R. C. Hutchinson** - A Child Possessed
1967 **Jean Rhys** - The Wide Sargasso Sea
1968 **V. S. Naipaul** - The Mimic Men
1969 **Robert Gittings** - John Keats
1970 **John Fowles** - The French Lieutenant's Woman
1971 **Nan Fairbrother** - New Lives, New Landscapes
1972 **Kathleen Raine** - The Lost Country
1973 **Brian Moore** - Catholics
1974 **Anthony Powell** - Temporary Kings
1975 **Jon Stallworthy** - Wilfred Owen: A Biography
1976 **Seamus Heaney** - North
1977 **Ronald Lewin** - Slim: The Standardbearer
1978 **Patrick Leigh Fermor** - A Time of Gifts
1979 **Mark Girouard** - Life in The English Country House
1980 **Thom Gunn** - Selected Poems 1950-75
1981 **Isabel Colegate** - The Shooting Party
1982 **George Clare** - Last Waltz in Vienna



Winner 1983 A. N. Wilson for his novel 'Wise Virgin'.

Published by Secker and Warburg at £7.50

WHSMITH

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Selected spring and summer books

The books listed below are a selection from those which the publishers hope to issue between now and the end of September. Some prices are provisional, some are not yet known. Titles already announced are not included.

Fiction

PETER ACKROYD **The Last Testament of Oscar Wilde** *Hamish Hamilton* £7.95
BRUCE ARNOLD **Running to Paradise** *Hamish Hamilton* £8.95
NINA BAWDEN **The Ice-House** *Macmillan* £7.95
JANE BOWLES **My Sister's Hand in Mine: The Collected Works** *Peter Owen* £10.95
MALCOLM BRADBURY **Rates of Exchange** *Secker* £7.95
MELVYN BRAGG **Love and Glory** *Secker* £7.95
JOHN BRAINE **The Two of Us** *Methuen* about £7.95
BERTOLT BRECHT **Short Stories 1921-1946** *Methuen* about £7.95
ITALO CALVINO **Marcovaldo or The Seasons in the City** *Secker* £7.95
DAVID CAUTE **The K-Factor** *Michael Joseph* £7.95
IAIN CRICHTON SMITH **The Search** *Gollancz* £7.95
PETER DE VRIES **Slouching Towards Kalamazoo** *Gollancz* £7.95
SALLY EMERSON **Listeners** *Michael Joseph* £7.95
MONICA FURLONG **Cousins** *Weidenfeld* £7.95
WILLIAM GERHARDIE **The Polyglots** *Secker* £7.95
HARRIETT GILBERT **The Riding Mistress** *Constable* £6.95
JAMES HANLEY **It Has Never Ended and Other Stories** *Deutsch* about £7.95
DESMOND HOGAN **A Curious Street** *Hamish Hamilton* £7.95
URSULA HOLDEN **Wider Pools** *Methuen* £6.95
CLIVE JAMES **Brilliant Creatures** *Cape* £7.95
ELIA KAZAN **The Anatolian** *Hodder* £7.95
BARRIE KEEFFE **No Excuses** *Methuen* about £6.95 & £1.50
TADEUSZ KONWICKI **A Minor Apocalypse** *Faber* about £8.50
JOHN LE CARRE **The Little Drummer Girl** *Hodder* £8.95
DORIS LESSING **The Sentimental Agents in the Volyen Empire. Canopus in Argos: Archives** *Cape* £7.95
NORMAN MAILER **Ancient Evenings** *Macmillan* £9.95
ANITA MASON **The Illusionist** *Hamish Hamilton* £7.95
CZESLAW MILOSZ **The Seizure of Power** *Faber* £7.95
DEBORAH MOGGACH **Porky** *Cape* £7.95
BRIAN MOORE **Cold Heaven** *Cape* £7.95
ALBERTO MORAVIA **1934** *Secker* £7.95
PENELOPE MORTIMER **The Handyman** *Allen Lane* £7.95
MANUEL MUJICA LAINEZ **The Wandering Unicorn** *Chatto* £8.50 & £4.50
ALICE MUNRO **The Moons of Jupiter and Other Stories** *Allen Lane* £7.95
IRIS MURDOCH **The Philosopher's Pupil** *Chatto* £7.95
ROBERT NYE **The Facts of Life** *Hamish Hamilton* £7.95
ANTHONY POWELL **O, How the Wheel Becomes It!** *Heinemann* £6.95
RUTH PRAWER JHABVALA **In Search of Love and Beauty** *John Murray* £8.50
BERNICE RUBENS **Brothers** *Hamish Hamilton* £8.50
JORGE SEMPRUN **What a Beautiful Sunday!** *Secker* £8.95
ALEXANDER THEROUX **Darconville's Cat** *Hamish Hamilton* £8.95
WILLIAM TREVOR **Fools of Fortune** *Bodley Head* £7.50
GORE VIDAL **Duluth** *Heinemann* £7.95

Art, architecture & photography

JOHN ASHBERY, JOE SHANNON, JANE LIVINGSTON, TIMOTHY HYMAN **Kitaj: Paintings, Drawings, Pastels** *Thames & Hudson* £9.95
BRASSAI **The Secret Paris of the 30s** *Thames & Hudson* £7.95
JUDITH COLLINS **The Omega Workshops** *Secker* £15 & £8.95
WALKER EVANS **Walker Evans at Work** *Thames & Hudson* £12.50
SIR LAWRENCE GOWING (Ed.) **A Biographical Dictionary of Artists** *Macmillan* £35
JAMES HALL **A History of Ideas and Images in Italian Art** *John Murray* about £15
JOHN MILNER **Vladimir Tatlin and the Russian Avant Garde** *Yale* £20
TIM PAGE **Tim Page's Nam** *Thames & Hudson* £7.95
ALAN ROSS **Colours of War** *Cape* £12.50
ROY STRONG **The English Renaissance Miniature** *Thames & Hudson* £18

Drama & music

LEONARD BERNSTEIN **Findings** *Macdonald* £12.95
JAMES FENTON **You Were Marvellous: Theatre Reviews from The Sunday Times** *Cape* £8.95
CHRISTOPHER FITZ-SIMON **The Irish Theatre** *Thames & Hudson* £12.95
SIMON FRITH **Sound Effects: Youth, Leisure and the Politics of Rock** *Constable* £5.95
ROBERT HEWISON **Footlights! A Hundred Years of Cambridge Comedy** *Methuen* about £8.95
S. FREDERICK STARR **Red and Hot: Jazz in the Soviet Union** *Oxford* £12.50
PIETER C. VAN DEN TOORN **The Music of Igor Stravinsky** *Yale* £25
ALAN WALKER **Franz Liszt, Volume I: The Virtuoso Years, 1811-1847** *Faber* £20
ERIC WALTER WHITE **A History of English Opera** *Faber* £30

Cinema & television

BRIAN ADAMS & GRAHAM SHIRLEY **Australian Cinema: The First 80 Years** *Angus & Robertson* £8.95
KENNETH ANGER **Hollywood Babylon II** *New English Library* £5.95
KEVIN BROWNLOW **Napoleon: Abel Gance's Silent Classic** *Cape* £10.95
GEOFFREY COX **See It Happen: The Making of ITN** *Bodley Head* £12.50
JAMES CURRAN & VINCENT PORTER (Eds.) **British Cinema History** *Weidenfeld* £12.50
DAVID SHIPMAN **The Story of Cinema: Vol II: From Citizen Kane to the Present Day** *Hodder* £14.95
ALEXANDER WALKER **Joan Crawford: The Lifestyle of a Star** *Weidenfeld* £12.50
PATRICIA WARREN **Elstree: The British Hollywood** *Hamish Hamilton* £9.95

Poetry

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GEORGE BARKER **Anno Domini** *Faber* £4
ELIZABETH BISHOP **The Complete Poems 1927-79** *Chatto* £8.50
STEPHEN COOTE (Ed.) **The Penguin Book of Homosexual Verse** *Allen Lane* £8.95
DONALD DAVIE **Collected Poems 1970-1983** *Carcanet* £5.95
RUTH FAINLIGHT **From Fifteen to Infinity** *Hutchinson* £6.95
GEOFFREY HILL **The Mystery of the Charity of Charles Péguy** *Deutsch* about £2.95
LAURIE LEE **Selected Poems** *Deutsch* about £5.95
NORMAN MACCAIG **A World of Difference** *Chatto* £3.95
OSIP MANDELSTAM **Selected Poems** *Writers & Readers* £2.50
CHRISTOPHER MIDDLETON **111 Poems** *Carcanet* £5.95
TOM PAULIN **Liberty Tree** *Faber* £4
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PENELOPE SHUTTLE **The Child-Stealer** *Oxford* £4.95
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R.S. THOMAS **Later Poems** *Macmillan* £7.95

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ALAN BOLD **Modern Scottish Literature** *Longman* £6.95
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CHARLES TOMLINSON **Poetry and Metamorphosis** *Cambridge* about £9.95

Biography

DAVID CECIL **A Portrait of Charles Lamb** *Constable* £9.95
CHARLES CARLTON **Charles I: The Personal Monarch** *Routledge* £18
PATRICK CHABAL **Amilcar Cabral: Revolutionary Leadership and People's War** *Cambridge* about £22.50 & £9.50
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MICHAEL DE-LA-NOY **Elgar: The Man** *Allen Lane* £12.50
MARTIN GILBERT **Finest Hour: The Biography of Winston S. Churchill 1939-1941** *Heinemann* £15
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RONALD HAYMAN **Brecht** *Weidenfeld* £18.50 & £9.95
J.F. HENDRY **The Sacred Threshold: A Life of Rilke** *Carcanet* £9.95

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DAVID WILSON **Rutherford: Simple Genius** *Hodder* £9.95

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FICTION
Richard Deveson

So

Unlikely Stories, Mostly
ALASDAIR GRAY *Canongate* £7.50
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The picture will already create expectancy in some, misgivings in others. Alasdair Gray's **Unlikely Stories, Mostly** is full of them: on the jacket, the endpapers, the covers; full-page pictures, vignettes, all the way through the virtuoso typesetting of the text; the figure from Hobbes's *Leviathan*, glowering over a panorama of central Scotland; visions of vast, intricate towers and oriental cities; handwritten screed which runs out of room and carries on upside down between its own preceding lines. And the pictures, it turns out, are instructive.

Twelve-year-old Vague McMenamy invents a crankshaft-powered attachment which, when fitted to ducks, enables them to travel across ponds at a speed of thirty-two knots. An emperor causes a tower to be built, rising from the hub of his empire to the sky; scientists and soldiers try to burn a hole in the sky, and the tower, with two thousand years of civilisation, is annihilated. A poet at the court of an oriental potentate is ordered to write a poem celebrating the just destruction of the old capital; his poem records the emperor's cruelty and injustice, but, after his death, is assimilated into the literature of the imperial leviathan as a fatalistic commemoration of destruction and death.

The mind that has produced these and the ten or so other 'stories' in this book is unusual, no denying it: with its mock-lucid, confessedly Kafkaesque prose it creates scenes which, like the pictures, encompass absurdity, a view of the megalomania of the imagination, and a deep-seated pessimism. On the other hand, there aren't really any people here; not everyone with a sense of humour will get a kick out of mechanised ducks; and do we have to believe, as Gray seems to, that knowledge and civilisation, as such, threaten the end of the world? It's possible to smile, and yet feel a sense of relief, on being told that a lengthy, fairly impenetrable fantasia on the opinions of the eccentric 17th-century Scottish writer Thomas Urquhart has been heavily edited by mice.

Russell Hoban's **Pilgermann** keeps the cause of impenetrability going. Here is Hoban in high-afflatus register: 'This condition of total Now manifests itself in a number of ways and one of them is that extraordinary lucence that I have just described, that epiphany of light immanent in our being and experienced in certain heightened states as the light-as-bright-as-day within the night, the light as bright as lightning.' Another register is quasi-Biblical dialogue that verges on a sort of riddling, wise-guy Yinglish. The facile deployment of such registers is often called 'professional'. So (as Hoban's Pilgermann would say). The events of this book include: 11th-century pogrom in which Pilgermann is castrated; a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, on which he meets sundry dead, including the maggot-ridden headless tax collector he has cuckolded; the construction of a vast, mystical pattern of triangular tiles outside the city of Antioch; death at the hands of a Frankish crusader who in a way is also Elijah. So.

Is it unreasonable for a reader to ask, after putting in a lot of work on a remarkable novel like this, that the author himself should have put in even more work than he undoubtedly did in sorting out what he's really saying? Even allowing that Hoban is trying to do very difficult things – recreating, perhaps, a medieval and Biblical anonymous mentality; teasing with theological paradoxes and the inter-tangled roots of Judaism, Christianity and Islam; generally trying to say the unsayable – even *so*, there

Peter Porter

Doll's house

Against the haunting of our cats,
Shy raids by children visiting, it stays
As truthful as the willow flats
Which blocked her days.

Its owner slammed the door and fled
Like Nora to the liberal hinterland.
What could resite that jostled bed?
No grown-up hand.

The miniature hoover lies
Brim-full of dust, the chest-of-drawers gapes;
On holidays a sobbing tries
To fluff the drapes.

And now to play at house you need
Another sort of house inside your head
Where duty states you soothe and feed
The plastic dead.

Her children have outgrown it too,
But do they hear the twisting of the key,
Entail their ruined space in lieu
Of charity?

Love, orderer of dolls and towns,
Has Lilliputianised the scale of pain,
So the wide adult eye looks down,
Bereaved again

Of esperance, the childhood flush,
And has no passage into afternoons
But through diminished doors and hush
Of darkened rooms.

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are simply far too many passages where it isn't clear why one sentence follows another, whether something is being said straight or ironically. Nor does one have to be stupid or philistine to be baffled by the book's ultimate resolution. So (sorry).

With Joseph Hone's **The Valley of the Fox** we're back to knowing where we are: a few miles from Chipping Norton, in fact. On the other hand, Peter Marlow manages to hide out in a tree house with his autistic step-daughter, there's a mansion occupied by quantities of Victoriana and a weird American heiress, people are tied to stakes and shot through the chest with arrows, the Queen of Beauty at a jousting display appears brandishing an automatic, an African heart of darkness comes to this Marlow's Cotswolds . . . It's all nonsense, really, though intelligent nonsense. It would have been more intelligent if it had been less of a thriller; the landscape and the father's feeling for the child are well done. □

NORTHERN IRELAND
John Morrow

Fuming for blood

Contact
A. F. N. CLARKE *Secker* £6.95

'King Billy crossed the Boyne
But he never crossed Ardoyne.'

Ardoyne is a Catholic working-class ghetto in West Belfast. In 1973, at the height of the IRA car-bombing campaign, it was a Republican no-go area, separated from the nearby Protestant Shankill Road by barricades of sheet iron and the British Army. Prior to 1973 the army had seemed to consist largely of infantry training battalions and a gather-up of artillerymen, engineers and pioneers pressed into street service as NATO commitment on the Rhine became stretched to breaking point. One vivid memory of that time is of a solitary, bespectacled gunner, probably seconded from the computer desk of a missile unit, on crowd control duty in front of Belfast Central Court during a multiple murder trial. He was dressed in full battle fig, flak-jacket and tin topee. Diffidently, presenting his self-loading rifle more as a shield than as a deterrent, he faced a mass demonstration by 'Rent-a-Mammy', comprising the entire distaff side of the multiple accused's extended families. Alone, baffled, blinded by spittle, he seemed to personify the increasingly difficult role of the army.

Then, in the spring of that year, came 3 Para to cross and re-cross Ardoyne and the Shankill at will, racing around in open Land Rovers minus helmets and flak-jackets, confident in the terrible reputation they had

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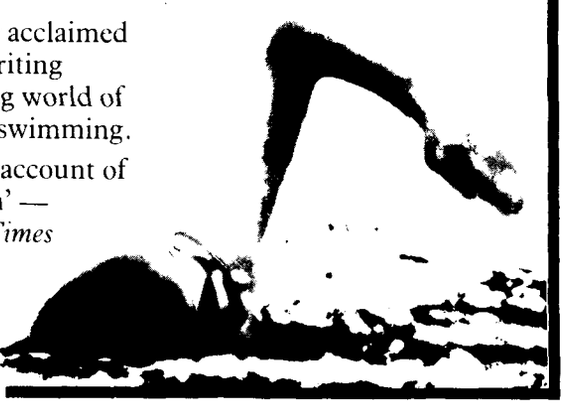

ALLEN LANE

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gained one Bloody Sunday in Derry. And with 3 Para came Capt. (then Lieut.) A. F. N. Clarke, the author of *Contact* which is, as he states in his introduction, 'unashamedly about myself'. Himself was a ranker in the Mess, contemptuous of his somnolent CO and the 'chinless wonders' up at HQ, contemptuous of other units (the Glosters are 'crap-hats', the SAS 'cowboys', the Marines 'fucking crap-hats – professionally inept and social dwarfs') and, ultimately, contemptuous of his own men: 'controlled thugs'. But above all Lieut. Clarke comes through as a full-blown basher of wogs (Irish wogs) and the only dramatic tension in the book is achieved not by the form or the writing, which is of the *Sunday Express* zing-zap-zonk variety, but by his frustration at not being allowed to indulge in wholesale slaughter: 'There are times when I really would like to have the powers that the South African police have' (*sic*).

After reading the first chapters of *Contact*, the Ardoyne section, I began to wonder seriously if it represented a new turn in the superb Republican propaganda circus. But no: as regards Wog-bashing Lieut. Clarke is the soul of impartiality, if anything taking a keener delight in bashing Protestant Wogs on the Shankill – and, of course, the partiality of the British Army has always been one of the main emotive planks in the Republican platform.

Curiously, those scenes and incidents in the book which have caused some controversy since publication are also those which have the authentic ring of truth about them, such as the very topical account of soldiers putting more powder into rubber baton cartridges 'to give more poke', and inserting pins and broken razor blades into the actual batons. It is, after all, an old soccer hooligan trick to embed such items in a potato missile, with a view to perhaps nobbling the opposing goalie. And what else is war, at the fut-sodger level, but the ethos of the Kop sanctified by law or ideology whatever the uniform – or none – and whatever the faction. Murderous ingenuity is the monopoly of no one. *Homo sapiens* is a dirty fighter.

Contact is meant to shock. The people who will be shocked by it are those who believe that British soldiers are different from any other soldiers when engaged in urban guerrilla warfare, those who have never experienced an Irish sectarian mob of either faction in full cry, and those who never saw what those factions were doing to each other before the soldiers came and therefore cannot envisage what they are liable to do to each other after the soldiers go.

This wog has the faces of dead friends, innocent victims of both factions, as a memory aid. What shocked me about *Contact* was its author whom, despite the photograph on the cover, I couldn't help casting in the image of Burt Reynolds (scornful of superiors: '"Piss on your report", says I to the CO, and walks off'; one of the boys, but . . . 'Put a sir on the end of that and answer the question, Sergeant'). If an argument were needed against the use of Special Troops on the streets, troops trained to the manic state described in a recent *Radio Times* article on the Paras, 'capable of facing armed men with bare bayonet – and enjoying it', that argument is Captain A. F. N. Clarke. By his own account he ran up and down Ardoyne, the Shankill and Crossmaglen fuming for blood, found bugger all, and didn't enjoy it one bit. Little wonder that the book ends with him being carted off suffering what read like the symptoms of an incipient ulcer. It was then, presumably, that he began composing therapeutic doggerel in the manner of a macho E. J. Thribb, examples of which head each chapter of *Contact* – as if Waugh's Ludovic wasn't warning enough against rankers (and pseudo-literary ones at that) in the Mess. □

THEATRE
Benedict Nightingale

Death wishes

The Oedipus Plays
STEPHEN SPENDER after SOPHOCLES
Playhouse, Oxford
Heartbreak House
SHAW *Haymarket*
Making Tracks
ALAN AYCKBOURN and PAUL TODD *Greenwich*

It must have seemed as exciting an idea to Gordon McDougall to commission a version of Sophocles' **Oedipus Plays** from Stephen Spender as to Peter Hall two years ago to hire Tony Harrison to translate *The Oresteia*; and the result is scarcely less calamitous, though in a very different way. At the National we got a text so clever, so decorative, so exotic that Aeschylus became all but invisible, like a house overrun and overwhelmed by the garden supposed to lead to it. At Oxford Sophocles has, so to speak, been conscientiously flattened and concreted over, perhaps with a view to making him accessible to the sort of punter who drives a Cortina or a Metro. Thus Oedipus is described by Creon as 'a native of Thebes with an incomparably vile criminal record'; Polynices and Eteocles lose their lives, as an *Express* headline-writer might put it, 'in a double disaster'; and assorted low-life characters appear to say 'well, I never', 'three years we wus mates', 'no-one saw nuffin neither' and other lines lumpishly reminiscent of the way fashionable British dramatists presented the working class before 1956.

Meanwhile, Moira Redmond's Jocasta swans serenely onstage as if about to open a Tory fête or, conceivably, launch a battleship. 'If Apollo really wants to know something, he's perfectly capable of finding it out himself', she grandly informs Oedipus, who persists in asking inelegant questions about her first husband, interviewing blind magi, and generally behaving in a very, well, *un-English* sort of way. And still he goes on, provoking her to exasperated asides to the gawping chorus: 'Oedipus is so superstitious, excites himself so much at these prophecies . . . it's *embarrassing*, really.' Miss Redmond's performance, let me add, is perfectly deliberate, more than competent, and might even be rated praiseworthy by those prepared to ditch their preconceptions about mythic Greek queens and accept that Jocasta was, in fact, a Theban Lady Bracknell unlucky enough actually to have married a handbag. But the point is that most of us *do* have such preconceptions; and it is up to the translator, director, everyone to find alternatives potent enough to bounce us out of them. This Spender, McDougall *et al* have not succeeded in doing, least of all here. When Jocasta reeled away to her suicide offstage, I couldn't help thinking of Jimmy Porter's description of his upper-class mother-in-law getting her comeuppance: 'the noble female rhino, poleaxed at last'.

When Spender isn't striving to be colloquial, he often manages to be merely cumbersome: 'Who is your supernatural enemy who at one bound has torn you to the ground?' and so on. Indeed, the closing words of *Oedipus Rex*, which famously invite us to deem no one happy 'until he reaches the end of life suffering nothing painful', seem less than rivetingly served by 'until . . . the final boundary, the end of pain, is passed'. Where is the concreteness and directness I recall from my own days in the Classical Sixth, and, as much to the point, where is the excitement, the dread, the gathering horror that should surely mark the greatest of Greek plays? Part of the trouble may be Richard Durden's Oedipus: in Thebes a curt, blunt tyrant, who marks the onset of agony by developing a sort of histrionic croup, all hoarse moans and shrill barks; at Colonus a baleful tramp, the sort you can sometimes see in the London streets, raging at the empty air. It is hard to be much moved by the self-mutilation and, later, transfiguration of a hero who has been, not merely deromanticised and desentimentalised, but thoroughly debunked. The more fundamental problem, though, is a script and a production which lack all inspiration.

Well, all right, not quite all. There is some dramatic thrust and punch to be found in *Antigone*, especially in the confrontation between Katherine Rogers' heroine and Arthur Cox's Creon. But even that is achieved at a cost to Sophocles. In order to make an accessible trilogy of three plays written at vastly different times, the inconsistent has to be rendered more consistent, as well as the archaic modern; and this means, among other things, that we get a Creon who begins as a nasy, slimy bureaucrat and evolves into a nasty, pompous one, given to sticking his thumbs into his primaeval lapels and lapsing into lapidary newspeak. Consequently, his argument for the claims of the state over the individual conscience is reduced to the worst sort of Whitehall arrogance and flummery; Antigone wins by a moral walkover when she should prevail on points alone and, needless to say, the play as a whole is fatally unbalanced. Why bother to end, as Spender and McDougall rather presumptuously do,

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Rigg and Martin in *Heartbreak House*

with Creon lumbering offstage bawling 'Blind! Blind! Blind!', in reference to his spiritual deficiencies? We have been hammered over our collective heads with his white stick quite enough already.

LIKE THIS, the all-star **Heartbreak House** at the Haymarket turned out to be better in prospect than in the theatre, where it sometimes seemed endless; and the fault can't belong only to garrulous, babbling Shaw, or GBS, because the National Theatre proved eight years ago that the play still has power to keep the eyes and ears wide open. It is, of course, the *fons et origo* of what Peter Nichols recently described as the sort of piece in which 'sooner or later, no matter how the author tries to slice it, the actors finish in a row delivering quote-unquote witty lines and discussing the state of the nation', leaving the spectators 'depressed out of their skulls'.

Heartbreak House is Britain: a land irresponsibly ceded by the more civilised and cultivated of its citizenry to the philistines and go-getters; a ship of state, in Shaw's insistent metaphor, in danger of drifting onto the rocks, splitting and sinking. 'Do you think the laws of God will be suspended in favour of England because you were born in it?' asks Captain Shotover, seer and eccentric and Shaw-surrogate, in a speech that remains as ringing an assault on our island smugness as it was in the Great War, when the play was written. Never mind the plot, which barely exists: feel the passion, which indisputably does.

It takes time arriving, though. John Dexter is too artful a director literally to subject his cast to the drill defined by Nichols, but you sometimes get the impression that, even though they may be sitting and conversing, they're really standing in a row and spouting at us. Rex Harrison is a fine Shotover, a grizzled, shaggy old salt whose voice is sometimes a querulous bleat, sometimes a downright growl, depending on the state of an internal compass disconcertingly apt to veer from true north to sou-sou-west, from sense to senility; Diana Rigg plays Hesione, siren, honeytrap and (according to Shaw) the true ruler of Heartbreak House, displaying all her talent for being simultaneously sensual and self-mocking; and there are nice enough performances from Rosemary Harris, Paul Curran and Mel Martin. Yet the company isn't collectively alert and responsive enough to cohere into what the cult jargon would dub an ensemble. Or isn't until the very end, when symbolic zeppelins begin to drop symbolic bombs on symbolic Britain, and the liberals on hand gleefully exhibit what Shaw seems to have regarded as the death-wish of their breed. Momentarily, we sense the play's force and gravity; and then it is over.

Altogether, it has been a week of surprising disappointments. Who would believe that Ayckbourn would fail to make the most of (a) a set crammed with opportunities for demonstrating the material world's hostility to human effort, namely a recording studio, and (b) one of the congenital waifs and victims that people his work, in this case a less-than-gifted singer who calls herself Sandy Beige? Moreover, there's a sad lack of tension in the story, which is about the attempts of a shabby entrepreneur to complete a recording good enough and quickly enough to avoid being beaten up by the Bentley-owning thug to whom he's in debt. This is partly because Paul Todd's otherwise admirable songs are allowed too often to interrupt the flow, partly because the menacing creditor is a ludicrous caricature, partly because Ayckbourn's dialogue just isn't as crisp as it should be. A pity. □

TELEVISION
Hugo Williams

Ending

I DIDN'T like the look of the splinter of glass when it first appeared in the re-run of Dennis Potter's **Rain on the Roof** on Channel 4. It had 'ending' written all over it. The dinner party with the smart foursome sitting down with the retarded psychopath was a quintet of perfection, but the husband's murder killed the play stone dead. I suppose Potter made the murder weapon a piece of glass as a hint that the death should be seen as transparently theatrical, but this only served to reduce living characters to cyphers retrospectively by reminding us of the unuseable truism that all stories are about death. I switched off thinking that if there was a play on without a plot I would run to see it. And of course there is. A clip from *The Family* of a few years back, shown on **Did You See?**, proved that it is intensity (life), not chronology (death) that compels on TV.

Which is why Rex Bloomstein's **Lifers** on ITV was so watchable. It made marvellous use of the eloquence of men who have spent decades focused on a single 'dramatic' moment in their lives, from which everything else spreads outwards, as in a play. Even their language was theatrical, pervaded with creepy patrol-board-ese: 'I became emotionally involved with a patient/over a two-month period/extreme physical violence was used on me/an everyday occurrence/offered abuse/I thought he was dead because he's urinated/I said, pass me the garotte/so we strangled him again/a hostage situation/we put 240 volts from the record player through his chest/I sincerely regret the suffering . . .' It was the opinion of a governor that 'life' is harder to take for a woman because of the shorter fertility period. Joyce sat on her bed and told of how she met her murderous lover through a friendship society: 'He showed some affection. It don't take much to please me. We bashed her head in with a brick.'

After the commercials – 'I may not be up to centre court standard, but at least my kit is' – a haunted figure described a moment in 1959 when he had drunkenly pushed his wife over a cliff. He picked her up and put her to bed. Next morning he fetched the doctor. Soon it was the police he was talking to. God knows why he got life when it was clear that no prison sentence could free him from that moment in 1959: 'I live that moment. I am hollow inside.' When a large panel of experts was wheeled on after the news it felt like the conceptual murder being half-heartedly administered to something that had been alive, footnotes to a subject that had spoken for itself. One lifer said it all: 'It would be a terrible responsibility to anyone to release me.'

Not life (as in Herpes) but death is the

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sentence handed down by the latest kind of VD, AIDS (acquired immuno-deficiency syndrome), investigated by **Panorama** on BBC1. One American said 19 friends of his had died of it within three years, the last having jumped out of a window rather than wait around for the first 'opportunist' germ to run through him. He said people already hitched were thanking their lucky stars: AIDS and Herpes were sure to change parts of society. A man from America's Mad New Right, suppurating with *Schadenfreude*, proclaimed that such people were 'victims of their own actions' – the exact words of one lifer – and that the disease is the wrath of God following the sexual immorality of the poor old Sixties: shots of miniskirts in discoes, breasts at Woodstock. The young men on this particular Death Row, holding back their tears in the face of wrecked lives and bravely speaking out, deserved more compassion. They too spoke with the pathetic eloquence that comes of having been introduced to one's fate.

To Be a Lunatic (BBC2) was Ian Drury's helping hand to the young mentally ill – interviews linked with snatches from his music, which often touches on the subject: its 'metallic edge'. He spoke as if he had smelt the germ himself. Guitarist Wilko Johnson certainly looks as though he has seen something awful. 'It's like an irritating reality', said an eloquently depressed teenager, 'like when you have toothache and you pretend you haven't but it keeps coming back like that trumpet' (shot of Wilko pivoting catatonically on a system of magnets and levers). It was a useful programme that deglamourised madness as more of a greyness, as Drury said, than flashes of blue lightning.

Paranoia was the hinted at subtext of **Japanese Style,** a fine play by Michael Wall on BBC2, which contained a performance of exquisite judgement and pathos from Sayo Inaba as a lonely Japanese housewife taking English lessons from a itinerant Englishman, Peter McEnert. She wants to tell him something in the new language, but the words stick in apologies and bowing. 'My heart is', she says, ending the sentence. We hear about a special seat in Kabuki where you can see the actors before they come on. It is a metaphor of her illness. The neighbours are watching, she says, but a brick that has broken her window seems to have come from inside, 'Not inside', she shouts for once. 'Outside!' The play ended on a dying fall but, thankfully, not a hara-kiri. □

Among this week's contributors:

CHRISTOPHER PRIEST'S *The Affirmation* is discussed by Alan Brien on page 22.

JOHN SPURLING'S *Graham Greene* will be published by Methuen in the autumn.

PETER PORTER'S *Collected Poems* will be published shortly by Oxford.

HUGO WILLIAMS is the author of four books of verse and two travel books, most recently *No Particular Place To Go* (Cape, 1981).

ART
John Spurling

Real space

Rodin and His Contemporaries
Barbican
Anthony Caro
Knoedler and *Waddington*

'Western sculpture', writes Diane Waldman in her sumptuously illustrated 30 x 30 cm monograph, *Anthony Caro* (published last year by Phaidon, £50), 'has traditionally been relegated to a minor role in the visual arts . . . In an otherwise bleak landscape of academicism, figures like Donatello, Michelangelo and Rodin stand out as lonely sentinels among the many giants of painting.' Before making for Cork Street to see Caro's work of the last two years it's worth looking in at the Barbican. Here – black, smooth, shiny, tormented, histrionic – is the nub of the sculpture problem as propounded by Mrs Waldman: 'Where painting, no matter how earthly its subject, encouraged an unearthly, imagined, metaphysical reality, sculpture was forced into the role of miming the material world.'

So Rodin took it and twisted it in what he hoped might be unearthly directions, forcing it to mime violent movement and extreme emotion, stretching out a pair of pathetically severed hands and forearms towards the ceiling and calling them 'The Cathedral', tearing off arms and head to concentrate attention on a torso and its virile stride. He was not content, as Degas was, to render the body's outward appearance, but desperately wanted his bronze petrifactions of agitated skin and muscle to express inward, intangible things; and to do it on plinths, out there in the middle of a real, mundane, wall-and-floor space. Flesh-and-blood actors might have managed it for him, dancers or acrobats, but not their miniaturised copies in bronze. All they can do is come on as precious objects, demonstrations of the sculptor's skill at modelling, slightly ludicrous shorthand symbols of terror, grace, piety, love, strength and other such abstract concepts.

Picasso and Brancusi – plus Degas, Maillol and others – are also represented in this exhibition, but by early, still primarily representational pieces which have not yet found the way out of Rodin's cul-de-sac. That emerged when they both – Picasso more radically than Brancusi – understood that the thing they made must assert its own reality in real space, not pretend to be a human body, a horse, a bird, though it might allude to these things. Even so it was not until Caro had been to America, seen the steel constructions of David Smith and cast off his own allegiance to expressionistic imitations of the body, that the plinth was finally removed and sculpture could explore, directly and without pretence, the world which had been there all the time: the real space in front of the viewer, the equivalent in three dimensions of the real space of the painter's canvas.

The sense of liberation and optimism with which Caro entered this new kingdom during the Sixties is still apparent even in illustrations. The fertility of his ideas was astonishing, but so, after all, was the scope offered him. He was not only articulating the perception of space through his forms and intervals, but also – since he could lengthen or shorten the intervals as well as gather or scatter his forms – of time. At first it was the horizontal plane which interested him more than the vertical, since sculpture, because of its plinths, had always pushed upwards, but seldom outwards and never at floor level. The dominance of gravity was challenged by forms which, like bridges, platforms or rails, floated parallel to the floor; there was no longer the same necessity for a centre, for balance and symmetry. Furthermore, the sculptor could make use of every kind of material, including ready-made objects, and, just like a painter, he could apply colour.

Soon after his 1969 retrospective at the Hayward, Caro began to use larger, rougher forms (huge flats of rolled steel with irregular edges and jagged cuts) and to preserve their original rust colours with varnish instead of adding artificial colours. The effect was to spread, flatten and curtain off his space instead of to pick it out neatly. But he has explored in all kinds of other directions too: with raising the floor level in the form of 'tables', at the edges of which his pieces teeter and drop towards the real floor; with small, cursive, partly painted structures that 'write' in space; with traditional 'sculptural' materials such as bronze and brass; and with tubular and hollowed-out spaces raised on legs and evoking the still-life arrangement of painters.

The latest show is at once a summary and a new start. It includes monumental works, middle-sized table and floor pieces as well as the smallest objects Caro has ever done; the materials are rusty steel (though with painted areas of a more subdued and surreptitious kind than in the Sixties), bronze and brass and various discarded buoys and bollards from a Portsmouth dockyard. The monumental pieces are concerned with the containment and digestion of space, with caves and bellies (partly curtained by the familiar flats), dark and leathery-looking inside, suggesting the deep boomings and rumblings such spaces or the original buoys might set off ('And the ground swell . . . clangs the bell'). Some of the table pieces have sea titles and are almost descriptive. In 'Breaker', for instance, irregular fragments of steel, mainly black, but with red and yellow passages and little scratches like frills of foam, collapse downwards and outwards in controlled chaos. The brass and bronze pieces are more domestic, gold, green and pink in colour, smooth and rounded in form. Altogether it is an astonishing display of prodigal invention, substantial proof that sculpture no longer has a problem or a minor role. □

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FILMS
John Coleman

Wiped out

Veronika Voss (15)
Paris Pullman; Screen on the Hill
They Call That An Accident (15)
Classic, Chelsea; Odeons, Kensington and Swiss Cottage
From Mao to Mozart: Isaac Stern in China
(U) *Gate, Bloomsbury*
The Courtesans of Bombay (PG)
Academy Three

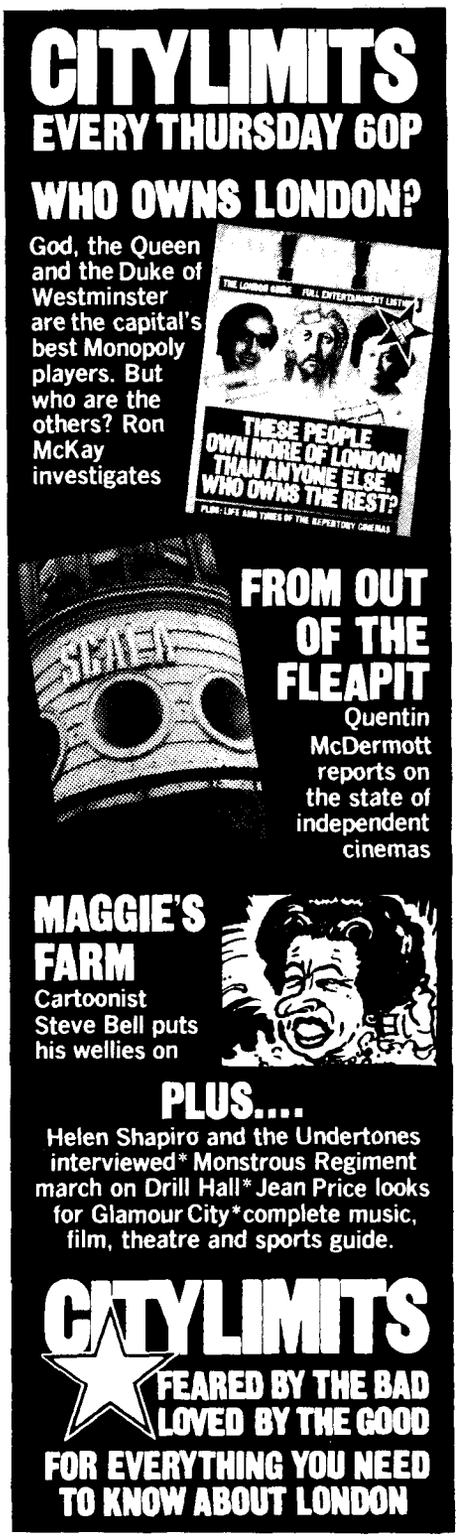
Rainer Werner Fassbinder made films fast and frequently, filled them with victims and forms of humiliation, toyed with styles favouring mirrors and melodrama, and left maybe half-a-dozen works behind (though which these are will vary wildly from viewer to viewer) of a quality likely to keep him a place in the annals. Though his penultimate movie, **Veronika Voss,** picked up the Golden Bear at last year's Berlin festival, it certainly wouldn't come near my short list. But it does rather handily encompass a whole clutch of Fassbinder's pre-occupations, if not downright obsessions, and – as such – is revealing: it also has a black-and-white razzle-dazzle peculiarly, *very* peculiarly, its own. The choice of black-and-white over colour was probably dictated by the period of the story, which rings some changes on the theme of a has-been movie star's descent towards suicide. The cracked belle of the title is said to be loosely based on the UFA luminary Sybille Schmitz, who was in Dreyer's *Vampyr,* flourished during the war-time Forties and died a drug-addict in the mid-Fifties. Fassbinder and his writers Peter Märthesheimer and Pia Fröhlich use the bones of this, replacing the Dreyer with a few pastiche feet from a Voss oldie called *Creeping Poison,* but their doomy Veronika gets her morphine from a conspiratorial trio crookedly out of early Fritz Lang and indeed proves less a credible person than an incredible occasion, around which an assortment of filmic echoes and technical tricks from all over vertiginously clusters.

Rosel Zech presumably does her best as the victim, reminiscent at moments of Delphine Seyrig and even our own Ann Todd at their most haggard, singing a smoky sub-Dietrich 'Memories Are Made of This' at a late party, posing like a cut-price Norma Desmond for an instant (trusty old *Newsweek* dubbed the event 'Fassbinder's *Sunset Boulevard*', since – if the ghost in his machine wasn't Sirk – it had to be another Hollywood foreigner, Billy Wilder). Munich, 1955, and emerging distraught from watching her past self getting an on-screen fix – the spellbound fellow in the next seat is Fassbinder, by the by – Zech/Voss meets a lumpish sports journalist, Robert (Hilmar Thate), amid rainy trees, who offers her his umbrella, is radiantly welcomed as her 'cavalier' and should have stayed at home, since from then on he and his masochistic girlfriend are victimised by the victim. Robert gets clammily caught up in the evil web spun from the clinic of Dr Katz (Annemarie Düringer, as the poised and groomed villainess), where one of those black GIs familiar to Fassbinder-fans also hangs out. He responds bemusedly to a sexual summons from Veronika, delivered in front of his girl ('You do have a car, don't you? I want to spend the night with you, but my house is in Starnburg'), and gets more than he bargained for. So does his girl, as the ludicrous plot inspissates, unpleasantly involving an elderly ex-Treblinka inmate and his wife.

Those eager to find sermons in stones may disinter some social significance about corrupt post-war Germany in that evil clinic, the concentration-camp reference, and the American 'Country Hour' ballads steadily issuing from a radio. Myself, I was more fascinated by both the nerve and the nerviness of the undertaking. There is cheek in the ragbag imposition of sado-masochistic fantasies: 'All I can give you is my death', mouths Veronika to her wicked, lover-like 'fixer'; and in the absurdity of Robert's final acceptance of the merry triumph of evil, wanly glimpsed through a window. There is cheek, too, in the parodic devotion to extremes of black-and-white, the expressionistic stripings and stipplings of moving light over faces, the blatant bleached whites of that clinic. And there is what might well be interpreted as a kind of furious impatience, a need to have done in the quite extraordinary abuse of all manner of fast wipes – irises-in and out, 'explosion' wipes – rushing us headlong, mind-blown, from one lurch of the plot to the next with virtuoso abandon. Whatever the motive behind this frenzied resurrection of an old-movie device, its effect is to call what remains of our attention to the *fact* of it; it is very uncool.

As, in its unregalingly different fashion, is **They Call That An Accident,** written, directed and starred in by Nathalie Delon. This glum little French number, with its unwary title, subsides around one Julie (Ms Delon), a striking, drawn-faced blonde in a long black cloak, who has it in for the doctors at another clinic. Flashbacks and dwelt-on photos of a small boy indicate that she is, albeit confusedly, set on disrupting a cover-up concerning the death of her son. A handsome young man (Patrick Norbert), several years Julie's junior, takes pity on her and refuses to leave her side. All's well, in a nostalgic-existentialist sort of way, while Julie stays mutinously mute, smoking up a storm and brooding. Then, under the youth's obstinate ministrations, she unbends, *hélas,* into sustained utterance and what was never going to be more than a weakish thriller collapses into hammy theatricals, culminating in even her guardian angel-lad's hysteria on a nocturnal tennis-court, latest contender for the cinema's Worst Curtain-Speech of All Time.

Produced and directed by Murray Lerner, the beguiling **From Mao to Mozart: Isaac Stern in China** impressionistically chronicles a month-long tour made by the violinist and his accompanist David Golub back in 1979. The honestly inspirational centre lies in Stern's 'master classes', his wily, comical, brilliant wooing – no other word for it – of talented kids to bring something more than technical correctness out of the fiddle; ears hear, eyes see it blossom, universal magic. Ismail Merchant's **The Courtesans of Bombay** is a loving document of the strange song-and-dance vitality of the Pavanpul quarter or ghetto, sharply salted by the actress Zohra Segal's cameo as a retired performer chattering on about old lovers and how to make lime pickle. □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EXHIBITION
Jules Lubbock

Safe houses

Daily Mail Ideal Home Exhibition
Earls Court

Life-size china storks grace the bathroom of Wimpey's three-bedroomed Cherwell Home ('Now we are four'). In the nursery there is a pile of neatly folded nappies beside the old-fashioned cradle with its frilly canopy. Nanette Newman's *Reflections* rests open by the marital bed: 'The house was always quiet/unaware of worlds/beyond its sheltered place/amidst the trees'.

The *Daily Mail*'s Diamond Jubilee springtime festival of home-ownership seems like a real-life fairy tale. As usual there is the village of model homes, this year clustered around a reproduction fountain from Versailles (stocked with living storks from Chessington Zoo) over which hangs an exact replica of the Montgolfier brothers' hot-air balloon first flown at Versailles two centuries ago, symbolising the Theme of the Year, New Horizons – another two centuries of technological progress. There is the traditional motto over the entrance, coined by George V, 'The Foundations of the Nation's Glory are laid in the Homes of the People'. And in the forefront of progress are this year's new gadgets: Le Canapé Maker for Better Looking Hors d'Oeuvres, the PopCornNow Continuous Corn Popper, the Lounge-Pouf Indoor Trampoline upholstered in dralon, and yet another glimpse of Lady Di's wedding dress with sequined hearts on the shoes. Ferdy Mount must have had a hand in the script.

Even the Wolf-man's unscripted attack upon Princess Michael of Kent (lead-story in the *Sun*, one sentence in the *Mail*) turns out to have been a publicity stunt that misfired – shades of Red Riding Hood and the Three Little Pigs. For the secondary theme of the year is security. The Princess was heralded with a burglar-alarm fanfare by the home-security section, bigger than ever this year, at the entrance to which stand mannequins of two mercifully old-fashioned caucasian burglars complete with tattoos, striped jersey, masks and skinhead gear. 'A home built with love can so easily be destroyed by envy, greed and hate.' The model working-class robbers have just devastated a model middle-class living room with red spray-can graffiti – PIG and swastikas – and foam rubber spews from the slashed sofa. Burglar Alarms are the Foundations of a Nation's Law and Order. One rep told me that they anticipated sales of half a million over the next six years. 'The more we sell, the more pressure we put on residual buyers to protect themselves.' How reassuring! No matter that the burglary rate has been unchanged for the past decade, nor that unskilled manual workers in rented accommodation are twice as likely to be burgled as owner-occupiers.

Reassurance is also the theme of the UK Atomic Energy Authority where I was able to simulate a reactor melt-down on a control-console programmed to demonstrate the perfect functioning of the automatic protection system: 'nuclear energy is economic, clean and safe'. The Royal Navy deftly interweaves both themes with their slogan 'Towards 2000' over a large blow-up photo of Trident being test-fired, and a real-life Lynx helicopter from the Falklands out in the forecourt.

But Sir Lawrie Barratt, chairman of Britain's biggest housebuilders, Barratt Development plc, was in no mood for bedtime stories. Lawrence Barratt, Sir, is a man of facts and calculations. His horizons are set on 65 per cent owner-occupation by the end of the decade. We were all exhorted to support the government in 'urging' local authorities to release building land, 'the industry's basic raw material', to private developers. Homes and products. 'Retirement products' are the greatest growth area (Barratt's product in this sector is the Regency Home with an entryphone/alarm system for a 'reassuring sense of security') followed by fully-furnished singles bedsits and one-bedroom starter homes financed by the Housing Corporation. Demographic trends and marketing are the key to success. Homes are products and products are facts. 15,000 products a year are designed by an Architects Department of two. That is productivity. That is fact. Architecture is only another name for fact. □

WEEKEND COMPETITION

No 2762 **Set by B. Mooring**

Maestro, Zephyr, Escort, Sierra . . . motor companies certainly have an ear for the evocative name. Please write 16 lines of fully-rhymed verse incorporating *at least* 16 car-names. By Thursday 31 March (because of Easter).

No 2759 **Set by Anne Dante**

The Times is lurching downmarket; we asked you to help it on its way with agony columns, horoscopes etc.

Report **By Al Fresco**

Splendidly pompous. Nine quid a shot.

Capricorn. Not a day for social mixing, so avoid being too familiar with wine-waiters or taxi drivers. There may be trouble at your club, and bridge should be avoided. Those on solitary walks stand a fair chance of cuckoo-hearing.
Aquarius. A good day for investment or seeing your stockbroker. You should do well at Christie's or Sotheby's provided you avoid items from the 18th century. Saturn is now in Leo, so do not be aggressive with the lower classes and avoid direct confrontation if second-class passengers enter your compartment.
Virgo. You should have no difficulty finding taxis, and ticket applications for Glyndebourne and Ascot Royal Enclosure should be successful. Jupiter is in conjunction with Mars, so it is a good day for making jokes about CND, *Militant* or the unions. Avoid golf. VICTORIA PLUMB

Pop Music Column

There are two items of interest to popular music enthusiasts this week.

Madness, a much-appreciated group of young men, may be seen tonight on BBC Television's *Top of the Pops* programme, which, as is customary following these not infrequent events, will, no doubt, accelerate the group's progress up the syndicated musical press's popular recorded music 'charts'.

Those readers who have welcomed the burgeoning of Antipodean talent will not be displeased to hear that the young musicians who had such a success with the song entitled 'Down Under' have expressed their intention of performing in the larger concert halls and theatres of most British cities just as soon as contractual arrangements have been completed to the satisfaction of all parties. MICHAEL ROSEN

We invite you to participate in our new Spot the Ptarmigan Competition.

The rules are quite unequivocal. Simply examine the subjoined photograph which portrays Lord 'Goolie' Cauldneath-Sporran out shooting over the Scottish moorlands of Blaws Trewsdoon Castle, ancestral home of the Cauldneath-Sporrans for 330 years.

Lord 'Goolie', who recently married Lady Oowah Naeskanties, has just banged a game bird (blanked out).

We ask you to use your field skills to establish the precise position the bird was in when Lord 'Goolie' discharged his piece and our photograph was taken. Simply mark the spot with a fylfot.

The winner will get a FREE month's stay in the historic Falkland Islands, staying at the best hotels and meeting local dignitaries.
GERRY HAMILL

Dear *'Hypocrite Lecteur'*: I doubt whether your wife's attitudes in bed are due to your membership of the Athenaeum: occasional neglect in favour of the *premiers crus* would scarcely account for the practices you describe. Nor should you attribute it to excessive Wagner, no such report having been received about Ms Stassinopoulos. Truly, as Vincent of Beauvais has it, *'mulier est hominis confusio'*, and I can only advise you to sublimate the problem by incorporating her in a novel. As for your other question: I fear that your Greek has betrayed you – Herpes was *not* the god of travellers. However, I see no reason for abstaining from wicket-keeping during treatment.
P. M. G. SHIEL

Sir, I seem unable to furl my brolly as tightly as those of my senior colleagues. Not only does this cause acute embarrassment; I have also become convinced it is blocking my chances of promotion. What can I do? – *Worried Civil Servant*

The Editor writes: Your anxiety is well-founded; poorly turned-out umbrellas are frowned upon in the corridors of power. Perhaps the little tab is imperfectly placed? This is a common fault on down-market models, and your local stockist should give expert advice in strictest confidence. But why not try a more imaginative solution, and eschew your brolly altogether? A carefully-folded copy of *The Times* provides an admirable shower-proof covering for most medium-haul lopes to the tube station. And it's still only 20p!
PETER NORMAN

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FIRST PERSON

Anne Smith

Behind the scenes

LAST WEEKEND I met a friend who had been arrested at Greenham Common. She told me about being dragged into the police van, about the police encouraging other vans to drive as close as possible to women lying on the road to stop them; about being kept in a tiny cell with eighteen other women, and the heating in the block turned off, from five in the afternoon till two the next morning; about being questioned then about her dole money and how much she paid her parents for her upkeep, and about being given a note of her rights to read and being told 'but you're not getting them' – no phone call, nothing.

She also told me about women being dragged out of the demonstrations by the hair; pulled in such a way that their arms were twisted, or that their clothes were drawn up to their armpits. Other things she told me I daren't write because it would only land the *NS* and me in trouble if I did. Suffice it to say that a woman reporter covering this for one of the Tory papers was in tears at what she saw. Moved as she was, she said, she couldn't write it up that way, for if she did her editor wouldn't print it.

The same weekend I had a phone-call from a friend in London. A close friend of hers has been investigating the abuses of power committed by one of the little tin gods of the London arts, one of whose *mafiosi* had threatened him about what would happen if he tried to publish his findings. No doubt anyway the intrepid investigator will be hard put to it to find a newspaper that would dare to print the stuff, our libel laws being what they are, designed to suppress the truth in a system built on corruption and connection.

I have other friends with expert and first-hand knowledge on such diverse and depressing subjects as the machinations of the Arts Council, the ways of the British Army in Northern Ireland, the idiocies of certain government departments, the labyrinths of power in the Scottish media etc. There are times, indeed, when I feel myself to be connected to a network of outrage. But as yet it's a network without a centre. We all spin our separate strands, frail with doubts of our own sanity. If you're a Greenham Common woman, you are at worst a lesbian, at best an 'ugly harridan'; if you knock the Arts Council it's because you weren't good enough to get a grant – in short, all righteous indignation is put down as sour grapes, obsessiveness or absurd naiveté: Deirdre Spartism.

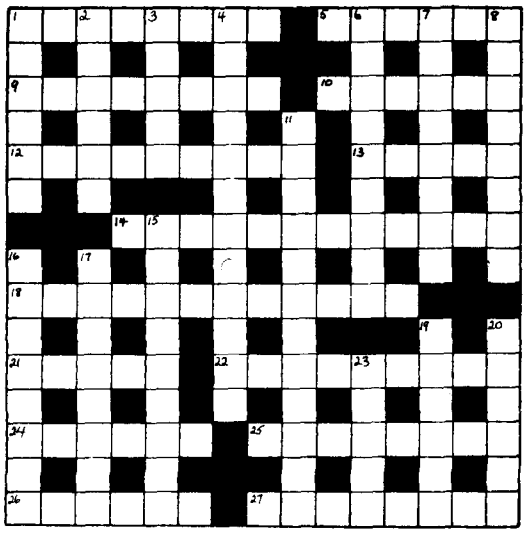
I should say in passing that all these friends have jobs, but they're mostly either free-lance or self-employed, scraping a living on the fringes of the system because they can't bear to be part of it, or university teachers with families, or extraordinary working-class folk. They're all highly intelligent and very frustrated by what they see and by the waste of their abilities. To Thatcher's three million, then, add another few hundred thousand who have jobs that don't use up a tenth of their abilities. The expense of spirit in a waste of talent is Conservatism in action.

The network is growing as rapidly as Mrs Thatcher's confidence (I think there's a connection). It wants only a centre, some sort of *samizdat* publication perhaps that will actually inform people, recklessly, about the abuses of power and indeed the structures of power in this country, that will lay bare the modes of repression used against the people who ask awkward questions, and that will show the Russians to be not so much brutal as vulgar and impatient in their modes of repression by comparison: we drive folk mad *before* we send them to the funny farm. Incidentally, I offer an alternative theory to those put forward in the course of the token soul-searching and breast-beating about Philby & Co. in the Sundays – could it be that the strikes and the hunger-marches of the thirties showed these up-and-coming members of the ruling class that they might be losing their grip on the proletariat? So they joined the Communists to be sure of staying in power after the revolution? After all, if it never happened, they stood to lose nothing, for they were *secret* agents anyway.

The time is here for an underground publication that will defy the laws of libel, and offer all the isolated people – the other Ron Smiths – if nothing else, the reassurance that they are sane; that they are not alone in their bewilderment at how the lunatics have got away with running the asylum for so long. I'd be happy to serve any sentence that might be passed out to contributors and editors; for just now I'm one of the disaffected public who don't care much if they see a newspaper from one day to the next, because the newspapers don't address me as a human being at all. They don't give me the sort of information I actually want, and most of the time I know that I'm only getting a watered-down, edited, censored and above all *customised* version of events and the people who make them that's as far from the truth as I am from the Falklands. The worst abuses, the crimes against the human spirit that are not so much controlled as encouraged by the legal system, are passed over cynically. It shouldn't be. □

Weekend Crossword 1394

PRIZES: £5 Book Tokens for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1394, New Statesman, 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU, by first post 28 March.



ACROSS

1. Full of Truth on the authority of the Church? (8)
5. A reward over there for what the premier does? (6)
9. Athenian in no matter which element. (8)
10. He wrote about a castle and citadel. (6)
12. However foolish? (9)
13. Supplementing capital without capital. (5)
14. Apparently badly beaten, but scores twelve and one is at top of table. (5,3,4)
18. Leaping across with balls tied up in front of garment. (12)
21. One who feels low in watching them operate. (5)
22. Nine great ingredients used for something to eat. (9)
24. Turning, for example, into conformity without the line. (6)
25. A period in one's own internal struggles? (8)
26. The round youth is attractive. (6)
27. Maugham character in grey study. (8)

DOWN

1. Is of service when a verse is not fit. (6)
2. Country which supplies animal with fodder. (6)
3. Pardon given right before sentence is reversed. (5)
4. North and I search among the shelters for places to play on. (12)
6. Writer in set place. (9)
7. Indistinct bleating shows it is within reach. (8)
8. Composer who gives encouragement to young aristocrat. (8)
11. Singers who turn large handles. (6,6)
15. Bar thinly disguised as a place difficult to escape from. (9)
16. Island with alien aid to beauty. (8)
17. Man left quietly to face spouse. (8)
19. Felt sorry the good didn't win. (6)
20. River always running from point to point. (6)
23. Bird embraces single man. (5)

SETSQUARE

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SHORT LET canal-side flat Islington. £30, 27 March-16 May approx. Convenient University/BM. 01-837 0650.

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Hackney Council has a commitment to the disabled people of the Borough; to improving job opportunities and the service it delivers. A new post has therefore been created within the Chief Executive's Office to advise the Council on the development and implementation of its policies in this area.

Working closely with the Council's directorates, its Equal Opportunities, Race Relations and Women's Officers and external agencies, you will co-ordinate the identification of needs of disabled people in Hackney. Strategies will be developed to extend job opportunities within the Council; to improve access to public buildings; to make services in the fields of Leisure and Housing more sensitive to disabled people and to increase public awareness of the real needs of disabled people.

You should have extensive knowledge of disabled people's rights and may have been involved in campaigning or Government lobbying. Experience of local government would be useful. Applications from disabled people would be particularly welcome.

People who wish to job share may also apply.

Application forms are available from John Penney, Head of Personnel Services, Town Hall, Mare Street, E8 1EA, or telephone 01-986 7539 (24-hour answering service) quoting reference.

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LISTINGS

FRI 18 MAR

LONDON 'Gay liberation and the Labour movement' rally. Spkrs incl Andy Harris (GLC) & Tom Sawyer (NUPE). 7.30pm County Hall, London SE1. **Org Labour Campaign for Gay Rights.**

18-20th LONDON Coming together: Festival for lesbians and gay men. 8pm Friday, 10.30am Sat-Sun. Food and creche available, South Bank Polytechnic Students' Union.

LONDON Publishing and Literary Awards. Black and Third World Book Fair plus buffet dance and cabaret. £12. 8pm Nettlefold Hall, Norwood SE27.

LONDON 'Women – hidden from statistics' discn introduced by Jean Ullman. 7.30pm ULU, Malet Street, WC1. **Org Radical Statistics Group.**

LONDON 'Regional confrontation in Southern Africa'. Dr Barry Munslow (L'pool Univ). 6.30pm Club Room, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, WC1. **Org Britain Zimbabwe Society.**

LONDON 'No to Israeli concentration camps'. Rally to demand release of Palestinian and Lebanese political prisoners. Spkrs incl Walid Fahum, Deputy Mayor of Nazareth & prominent Israeli anti-Zionists. 7pm Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, WC1. **Org Palestine Solidarity Campaign 01-737 4144.**

LONDON 24-hour picket of South African Embassy calling for release of Nelson Mandela and all South African political prisoners. Begins Fri 5.30pm through to Sat 19th 5.30pm. South African Embassy, Trafalgar Square, WC2. **Org City of London Anti-Apartheid Group.**

SAT 19 MAR

LEYBURN, N YORKS Labour for the countryside. Spkrs Dr Edmund Marshall, Barbara Hawkins. 2.30pm Wensleydale School. **Org Dales Labour Party 0969-22687.**

LONDON Education under monetarism: Chile and Britain. Day conference: spkrs incl Andrew Gamble, Richard Johnson. 11am ULU, Malet Street, WC1. £1.50 waged, £1 unwaged. **Org World University Service, Chile Committee for Human Rights, Chile Solidarity, Latin America Bureau. Details Tony Dykes 01-226 6747.**

LONDON Save Westminster's services. Conference on fighting the cuts. Spkrs Arthur Latham, Roger Sutton. 2-5pm Beauchamp Lodge, 2 Warwick Crescent, W2. **Andy Gregg 01-286 0679.**

ISLINGTON Books for Namibia – book sale. Peperbacks, hardbacks, records, tapes & pictures needed. 10.30am Islington Town Hall, Upper Street, N1. **Org Namibia Support Committee 01-267 1941/2.**

SUN 20 MAR

LONDON 'Reform and Zionism' – two aspects of Jewish modernism'. Meeting with Rabbi Dow Marmur. 8pm 37 Broadhurst Gardens, NW6. **Org Mapam.**

BRIXTON Variety concert with Misty in Roots. 7.30 pm ACE Cinema, Brixton Hill. **Radical Black & Third World Book Fair.**

MON 21 MAR

LONDON Policies for Victory – first series of nationwide rallies organised by Labour Co-ordinating Committee, *Tribune* and Tribune MPs. Spkrs incl Tony Benn, Robin Cook, Harriet Harman, Joan Ruddock. 7.30pm Camden Town Hall, Euston Road, NW1. Adm £1. **LCC 01-439 3749.**

TUES 22 MAR

DARLINGTON Spkrs from Greenham Common Women's Peace Camp. 8pm Darlington Arts Centre, Vane Terrace. **Org Darlington Peace Action 0325-65556.**

HATFIELD Public meeting with Neil Kinnock MP on the future of education. 8pm Hutton Hall, Hatfield Polytechnic. **Org Welwyn Hatfield Labour Party.**

LONDON Should Labour ban the bomb? Showing of 'The War Game' & 'The Peace Game'. Chair Jock Stallard, spkr Frank Dobson. 7.30pm London Film Makers Co-op, 42 Gloucester Avenue, NW1 (Camden Town tube). £1 waged, 25p low income. **Org St Pancras North Labour Party (Chalk Farm Br).**

LONDON Unionisation of law firms. Mtg of workers in solicitors' firms to discuss improving *pay and working conditions*. ACTSS, ASTMS & APEX reps present. 7pm 203 North Gower Street, NW1. **Contact Carolyn Taylor 01-639 7571 or Rob Brown 01-737 3607.**

WED 23 MAR

LONDON House of Commons 300 Group debate – 'Europe In or Out'? Chair Renee Short; MPs present: Austin Mitchell, Roy Jenkins. 7pm HoC Committee Room 14 (enter St Stephen's Gate). **Tim Symonds 01-741 5102.**

THURS 24 MAR

BRISTOL Nuclear bases – no thanks! Two spkrs from Upper Heyford Peace Camp on closing the base this June. 8pm Albany Centre, Montpelier, Bristol 6.

LONDON Policing Camden public meeting. Spkrs incl Roy Hattersley, Stuart Hall, Frank Dobson, Patricia Hewitt, Jock Stallard. 7pm Camden Centre, Bidborough Street, WC1. **Org Camden Council Police Sub-committee. 01-278 4444 ext 2099/2094.**

FORTHCOMING

25 MAR London Nationalisation. First in series of regular monthly debates on key questions facing the Labour movement. Spkrs James Curran, Donald Ross, Peter Taafe. 8pm County Hall, SE1. **Org Greater London Labour Party Political Education Committee. 01-703 6511.**

25-27 MAR London Politics of the family. Weekend Conference 10.30-5.30pm, Sir William Collins School, Charrington Street, NWi. Adm £3-£8. **Org Socialist Society 01-734 8501.**

26 MAR Rochdale Folk benefit night for Whitworth Valley Peace Camp with Tony Hill and Mistral. Lamplighter Club, Dane Street. No admission after 10pm. Adm £1. **Rochdale 344285.**

26 MAR Birmingham Enveloping: A Resident's Eye View. One-day conference on government's new house improvement initiative. **Org Shelter/Community Forum. Bookings only 01-633 9377 ext 37.**

26 MAR London Socialist Countryside Group inaugural meeting. Spkrs incl Michael Foot, Peter Melchett. 2pm Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, WC1. **Org SERA 01-439 3749.**

26 MAR Sheffield Beyond the Fragments Day School on Alternative Approaches to Local *Government*. ***Contact Hetty Startup, 33 Felbrigg Road, London SE22.***

28-31 MAR London Theatre Centre Peace Festival – four-day series of peace plays for young people (28 Mar Waltham Forest; 29 Mar Tower Hamlets; 30 Mar Haringey; 31 Mar Islington). **Org Theatre Centre/GLC. Andrew Fay 01-354 0110.**

EASTER CND ACTION. 31 MAR, blockade of gates Burghfield ROF (mixed) and Greenham Common (women only). **1 APR,** 40,000 people link arms from Burghfield to Greenham via Aldermaston (mixed). **2 APR,** Mass 'die-in' Glasgow. **Org CND 01-263 0977 and (Glasgow) 041-442 6859.**

8-10 APR Days of Action at Daws Hill Peace Camp, High Wycombe, Bucks. **Contact Sean Hawkey, Bourne End 22624.**

8-10 APR Cardiff Has work a future? Weekend conference on alternative strategies for work and education, **Org Foundation for Education with Production. Contact Linda Mansell, 28 Albany Road, Bath.**

16 APR London The Politics of Poverty – what future for the poor? Day conf. **Org CPAG 01-242 3225.**

16 APR Over our dead bodies: women against the bomb. Spkrs incl Julie Christie, Fay Weldon, Jill Tweedie, Jill Craigie, Susannah York. 3.30pm Central Hall, Westminster. Adm £1, 50p unwaged.

23-24 APR Bradford Organise to survive. 2-day training seminar for CND groups with Dan Plesch. Peace Studies Centre, Bradford. £3 waged, £2 unwaged. **Org Bradford Nuclear Disarmament Group. 0274-578193/601672.**

Sorry, but we can't accept entries over the phone. Entries must be received by Friday preceding issue date. We reserve the right to exclude items without giving reasons and are not responsible for errors. Space is strictly limited so if you definitely want your item to appear, we suggest you book it as an ad. under the appropriate classified heading. See main heading for rates, etc.

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NATIONAL THEATRE. 01-928 2252. Olivier (open stage) 'Guys and Dolls'. 'Schweyk in the Second World War'. Lyttelton (proscenium stage) 'Way Upstream', 'The Importance of Being Earnest'. Cottesloe (small auditorium) 'Other Places', 'Small Change', 'A Midsummer Night's Dream'. See daily press for dates and times or ring recorded information 01-928 2256.

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Meetings

CHRISTIAN SOCIALIST MOVEMENT. AGM 10 a.m. Public Meeting 3 p.m. Tawney Memorial Lecture: 'Revolutionary Synthesis: The Gospel and Marxism'. Speaker: Irene Brennan. Saturday 19 March. Christchurch, Blackfriars Road, London, SE1.

SHAW SOCIETY. Peter Archer, QC, MP on 'The Good Man Fallen Among Fabians' Friday 25 March. Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, WC1. Coffee 6.30 p.m. Meeting 7 p.m.

SOCIALIST COUNTRYSIDE GROUP Inaugural Meeting. Saturday 26 March, 2 p.m. Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, London, WC1. Speakers include Michael Foot, Peter Melchett. All welcome. Enquiries c/o SERA, 9 Poland Street, London, W1, or 01-230 3987 office hours.

THEOSOPHY: S.a.e. for free pamphlets, book list, programme. Sunday 20 March 8 p.m. Commemoration Meeting. 'Wm. Q. Judge – A Great Theosophist'. *ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, London W2 3AL.*

Publication

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